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DISCORDER

SEPTEMBER 1992 • ISSUE #116

"You're never too old for punk rock."

— Kiss, Old Skull, and Helen G.

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A man and his art: Billy Childish at his Rochester flat proudly showing his Royal Jewels.

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PRINTED IN CANADA, YOU KNOW

COWSHEAD
 WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? AND BY WAY OF THAT QUESTION I MUST ALSO ASK WHAT THE HELL IS THE POINT? THE POINT IS WE ARE ALL SAVING FOR A RAINY DAY THAT ISN'T COMING. REALLY, NOSHI. WE'VE ALL BEEN SOLD THIS BILL OF GOODS THAT SOMEDAY, WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT, WE CAN SPEND THAT NESTEGG. I KNOW, I KNOW. GARN, WHAT NEST EGG? WELL, BE IT \$ 50.00 OR \$500.00 I'M TELLING YOU NOW SPEND YOUR SAVINGS. RECENTLY I'VE BEEN SPENDING IT LIKE I'VE GOT IT TO BURN. A COUPLE OF SUSPECT PURCHASES HERE A COUPLE THERE. HELL I'M EVERY MERCHANT'S DREAM. THEY SEE ME COMING AND THEY START CONSULTING THE COMMISSIONER, AND IT'S NOT A MATTER OF HEAVY CASH FLOW BECAUSE YOU DON'T NEED CASH MY FRIENDS. SPEND SOMEONE ELSE'S MONEY—PREFERABLY THE BANK'S. THEY RECENTLY GAVE ME A WHOLE WHACK OF CABBAGE TO SPEND ON A MOTORCYCLE. I MUST AGREE THAT IN A DECENT CREDIT RISK BUT I MUST CONCEDE THAT I'M GOING THROUGH THIS STAGE IN LIFE WHERE I'M LIVING FOR NOW AND DAMN THE PAYMENTS. I SAY—FULL THROTTLE AHEAD, LET'S PARTY ON MY CREDIT CARD TONIGHT. MIND YOU, I DON'T REALLY PARTY BUT IF YOU SEE ME OUT ONE NIGHT DON'T BE SHY AND ASK ME TO BUY YOU A DRINK BECAUSE I PROBABLY WILL. THEY GIVE YOU THOSE CARDS BECAUSE THEY WANT YOU TO FUCK UP. REALLY, THEY CHARGE YOU OUT THE YING YANG BUT, HELL, YOU'VE GOT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE TO PAY SO DON'T SWEAT IT. LIVE LIKE A KING OR QUEEN, AMAIZE YOUR FRIENDS, BUY THEM CRAP THEY DON'T NEED AND PAY FOR IT \$50.00 AT A TIME. YOU'VE BEEN REALLY GOT IT TOGETHER YOU JUST MOVE AROUND A LOT AND THEY WON'T CATCH UP WITH YOU FOR AT LEAST A COUPLE OF MONTHS. BY THAT POINT YOU'VE CHARGED UP AT LEAST A HIGH FOUR DIGIT DEBT. DID I SAY DEBT? AH, DON'T WORRY, THOSE WEASELS AT THE UNIA RECORD CD CLUB HAVE NO IDEA WHERE OR WHO I AM. GREAT SCAM THAT ONE. HARDLY A CREDIT CHECK AND WHAM—YOU'RE GOING HOME WITH TEN NEW DISCS FOR ABOUT ONE BUCK. SO GO GET SOME TATTOOS. SHAVE YOUR HEAD, WEAR WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR—SHIT. WEAR MY UNDERWEAR—BUT SPEND YOUR SAVINGS NOW. IT'S EVEN COOLER WHEN YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT AT ALL...CAUSE THEY CAN'T GET IT BACK.



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AIRHEAD

It's always a pleasure when I, "Airhead," get to sit down in front of this lovely device we affectionately call a Macintosh™ and dole out prizes to our contest winners. This month is no exception. After sifting through the entries to last month's *Grew Match-Up* I have a few winners, or should I say winners: Gerry Vogel. If the name sounds familiar it's because Gerry is the national promotions rep (I'm not sure if that's a position worthy of capital letters) for Polygram records. Congratulations Gerry, your Billy Bragg, Pixies, and Kiss parade will be the main. Everybody's a winner with Discorder.

Dave Cross from Maple Ridge, B.C. got all but one right (yes, there is a Flatus Maximus) in the *Grew Match-Up* and, therefore, being the kind-hearted guy that I am, felt compelled to declare him a winner as well. Thanks, to everybody else that entered and I'm sorry but I'm not going to send out any booty-prizes this time because we have to keep some staff for future contests too, you know.

Hey, hold on to that thought because if you've never won anything through the pages of *Discorder* before (and even if you have) now is your chance to do so. If you'll kindly refer to the *They Might Be Giants* article on page 11 and follow the entry specifics you could be one of the many grooving to the sounds of their new release *Apollo 18*. If you're quick enough, too, you could be one of the lucky ones to win a dashing TMGB t-shirt (courtesy of

Warner). What are you waiting for? And for those of you who are into spending your money foolishly, maybe *Roxy Music Records* on University Ave. in Seattle can interest you in a used pair of Mark "Madhoney" Ann's Vision Street Wear high-tops for the paltry sum of \$69.99 (U.S.). For something a little closer to home you could truck down to Scratch Records where Thighmaster might be willing to sell you something that was created solely by all members of Superconductor.

Anyway, for those of you that pay close attention to the happenings in *Discorder* you might notice a few things out of kilter...namely, "Miscellaneous Object Notes," "Telen's Kitchen," and "Future Rap." Well, they're still with us but they've been shuffled to bi-monthly columns starting with next month's rotation. Not to worry that these aren't quality columns but too much valuable space was going to monthly regulars. So, by having these columns on a bi-monthly rotation *Discorder* can hopefully bring you more jam-packed issues on a consistent basis. Let us know what you think, happy reading.

MAKE A RUN FOR THE BORDER

Hey *Discorder*, Hey you Canadians are super cool. You guys and gals know how to party and be very tolerant of drunken obnoxious Americans.

I was at the Cruel Elephant

watching one of my favorite bands—Tad—and all the while I was meeting a bunch of real friendly people. I met those two girls who took me to this after hours party in some building—I was too drunk so I can't remember where it was. But I remember somebody telling me that the building has parties every weekend. If you know, could you possibly tell me the address along with my first subscription.

Thanks
Terry Zarelli
Seattle, WA

Sorry, can't help you on that one but the Cruel Elephant is an awful good start.

I'LL BET YOU'RE GONNA GO SEE THE VILLAGE PEOPLE TOO

Dear Airhead;
Being an infrequent reader of *Discorder*, I was a slight bit hesitant to write this letter. Still, I was only on page 6 of the August issue before I became so angry that it was compelled to write. Most of your staff are so arrogant and self-righteous that it brings me to a state of reverse paranoia.

First, Lollapalooza is about the most snoot corporate stadium show that has come through Vancouver in years. There is no way a show of this size and scope could have come about without some type of organization. Do you equate organization with commercialism? It's sure seems that way. Besides the final group, all the bands at Thunderbird were original, snoot corporate, mainstream. It is a wonderful thing that Vancouver got this gig. However, if we did not, you probably would be the first to bitch. Do you have any suggestions how a show like this can be organized any better? (How I am sure you do!)

If your Airhead editor had checked her facts better they would have known that Evin and Blocks of cheese were allowed, or did you have yours stored in glass containers? As well, anyone who cared to listen to the sponsor radio station before the show would have known that there were no in/out privileges. If you had been half as organized as this festival you would not have been inconvenienced in the least.

Finally, I should say that I am aware that I write this in vain, as it will no doubt fall on the deaf ears of the hypocrites at your paper. I have long come to the conclusion that part of their "alternative attitude" is to mock

and disregard anything that more than .001% of the population takes part in.
C. Dyson
Vancouver

The intent of last month's editorial was not to mock. Having been written before this month's Lollapalooza show in Vancouver (magazine deadlines and all), the editorial was in reference to the fiasco which was last year's show in Seattle; it was meant as a warning, not a review of this year's show. But a tangential question: How can something obviously so popular be considered "alternative"?

OSTUPID DUMMY HEADS O



IF McDONALD'S DID CUD DOWN THE RAIN FOREST

Airhead!

Considering your carping little rave against Lollapalooza last month, I certainly hope you give similar consideration to CTR's own little fiasco. Unlike the Thunderbird Stadium show, where 25,000 folks managed to have a good time and run the field for the football team at the same time, the Beastie Boys, Sonic Youth, L7 show your station presented was an expensive waste of time and money for all. Most missed L7, on stage an hour before they were scheduled, with many a warning over the P.N.E. P.A. system. How 'bout Sonic Youth, punching in and punching out for a forty minute set? Cheque please. The Beasties? Well, fine, except they kept punching in. In short, a major waste of twenty-five bucks.

What does it mean when a radio station presents a concert, anyway? Do you take any responsibility for it when it's a rip-off? Just wondering.

Amusingly awaiting a snarky, Calgary spin style response,
Rob and Jim
Vancouver

Having never read the Calgary Spin I'm not sure what the appropriate response would be. However, snarky I can do. *Discorder*-style, thank you very much. Obviously, you're from the prairie so I'll learn you real good. (How 'bout?) Lesson 1: CTR presents (in a sense, advertises) shows which it feels are appropriate but has no involvement or control over the actual show. *Timbre*, *Perryscope* and *MC2* concerts are promoters; they bring the bands to town, book the venue, set the ticket price, pay the bands etc. They are responsible for the show. Lesson 2: see page 27.

ZANNA ZANNA BO BANNA, BANANA FANNA FO FANNA, ME MY MO MANNA...ZANNA

Dear Airhead,
re: ZANNA shot at public humiliation...

Oh gag me with a fucking spoon and give me a large break. Mr. ultra alternative Zanna whatever your name is. Alternative means choice beauty, and you don't have any. Maybe you need a reality check. You may be "sick of those 90210 types" but we are sick of you—we wear your attitude like a flag, hopped on the band wagon, rebellious sleep types. You think your sooo

term "subculture"? Why does a magazine like *Discorder* (or, for that matter, college radio) list you as the first place? Why didn't *Discorder* review the Genesis concert? Why does the general consensus of the staff towards even something like Lollapalooza seem to be disdainful? Is it because the alternative music and culture to remain alternative?

The staff normally defined as alternative is stuff that's been nurtured on a small scale, kept away from the ignored bands of big business. I'm talking about attitudes as well as economics. Fine, if you and your first buddies want to come down and disco at the Elephant or plan to see a show there LEAVE YOUR BASTARDS AT THE DOOR. Otherwise go back to the Roxy or whatever overflow crate you popped out of. If you come, know that you are entering a place where people go to get away from you. Why don't you try *Celebrist* next, I dare you.

And yes, it is hypocritical of you, Airhead, to mock Zanna's and Rob and Jim's attitudes while at the same time using terms like "the N-bomb" or "subculture" instead of Nirvana and grunge) just because Seattle and its offspring are achieving fame. Let's not pretend that Disco King will become some kind of utopian gathering where normally belabored will mix and mingle effortlessly with you, oh bards of our subculture.

So I'm whining as usual. I was so constructive suggestion! Try playing *Real Happening* earlier in the night. That always seems to drive them away.

Mike
Westminster

Dear Airhead,
re: Zanna Severin letter August *Discorder*.

Get a life Zanna. Since when was there an "etiquette" for alternative? Isn't what you do what you do? To do something different, without cliché restrictions? Forgive me, but I have observed your little scene on many occasions and its just as self-serving and egotistical as the "Prep" crowd is. Poor Zanna, maybe if you stopped for a minute and ripped that restrictive label off, you could breathe a little fresh air and purge some of that "Doc Marten" hostility. STOMP, STOMP, and STOMP!

Signed,
Let the prep jump

Again, what the fuck is "alternative music" for god's sake what is "alternative culture"? Were UZ, REM and Nirvana alternative but no longer so? No, they were moderately popular pop/rock bands who are now pretty fucking popular. I.e. mainstream. Does alternative music just mean less popular? People talk like it's a genre of music like country, blues, jazz or rock; well, it ain't. It's, ironically, an example of the embodiment of the corporate world. "Alternative" you and mucketyrucks, is a marketing term devoid of any real meaning or significance. A little signpost to tell you what to buy. And alternative culture, what is it? One thing on a commercial "single piercing" booming for change on *Gravitate*? Listening to alternative music? Get a grip. If a marketing ploy, a sales tactic, a scam. And it was never anything more, ever. Does anybody remember when new wave was invented? Well, ok.

I feel so much better now.

Dear Airhead,
OK, so there has been an influx of preppy (jacksonville/90210) headbats at places like the Scuz (that's "alternative code" for Luvs-A-Fair, doncha know) and the Cruel Elephant as of late. OK, so the resultant whining that has occurred in this page is the last couple of months would be found in the dictionary under "elitist."

So the alternative population is sounding elitist? WELL. KING MY BELLI! Has anyone ever heard of the



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[illegible]

DIALING FOR CELEBRITIES



Bobby: Hello.

You have a very famous name, sir.
Ah, vea...

Uhm, it was Lee Harvey Oswald. At least that's what I think.
[* towing the government line it must be him]

Hey, who is this? (mumbled profanity)

= click =

You know, now that I am a *Discorder* journalist, a lot of you folks have been asking me... "Hey, Excubus, I know I'm more alternative than anyone else, how do I prove it?" My first reaction is to say "Get Lost!" but I ain't no Sean Penn, so every month I'll give you things to say, wear and do so you can be "alternative." For example, if you're a boy use phrases like:

Or if you're a girl try:

"Clubs are so boring.

"I know everyone at Luv-a-Fair!"

I know everyone at EdV at Fall!

Stay tuned for more celebrities and more helpful alternative tips!





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SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEEMAN

What began as a spoken word collaboration between Sub Pop and Seattle poet, Steven Jesse Bernstein unfortunately has become a memorial to the artist who took his life in October last year. This recording, *Prison*, is a staggering mix of hard hitting poetry with a musical underlay. For those who knew him this is a testimonial to his art, for those who'll discover Jesse through this work, a chance to hear this writers voice.

Typically, *Prison* delivers images of desire and loneliness with very humor. Musically this recording has be-top songs circa Drag-on besides machine gun samples and groovy soul horn sections right out of a Lynda Barry cartoon.

The tracks for *Prison* were recorded between 1990/91. At the time of his death only one piece was completed, "No Man (part one)." Jesse was happy with the result and had encouraged the producer, Steve Fink, to continue. The music lends wisdom to the dark, yet comforting, feel of the spoken word.

Jesse wrote plays, novels, poems and stories. He directed several productions and also acted. His style was somewhat "Burmese-ian" and Jesse opened for William S. Burroughs at a Seattle reading three years ago. A picture included in the *Prison* liner notes shows a positively beaming Jesse with his arm around WSB's shoulders. I dare say Bill seems to be smiling as well.

Jesse was a tall lumbering sort of guy with black-framed glasses. He

was the kind who would visit a prison to read to the inmates and also spent time caring for people with AIDS. I feel compelled to mention his tattoos; in the photo's I've seen they are truly amazing designs, administered by friends. On his right-hand knuckles the letters L-E-V-E, on the left D-E-A-D. Also, on the top of his left hand a skull, crossbones and gravestone with the words R.I.P. Add to this various lighting bolts and names—one can see this was the real thing, old fashioned ink and needles did the job.

The most upsetting piece on *Prison* is the longest "Face" (12:30) where S.J. recounts a childhood similar to his. The opening words: "The following is pure fiction: Actually, I have been handsome and popular all my life," lead to polo at age four and glasses at age six and having his schoolyard marriage proposal cruelly refused. These words are a cutting reminder of how trauma can scar someone for life.

"The Man Upstairs" (5:17) documents the routine of the person living above another in a hotel. For years Jesse lived at the Ontario Hotel close to the Seattle airport. In this piece we follow as the old man upstairs plays solitaire, talks to himself, masturbates and repeats the words "A big zero" apparently while studying the cards, obviously that his sounds carry through the floor. The paranoid person below takes in everything and marvels that he can hear all being said but sounds thankful when he mentions "under me

there is a vacancy. There is no one down there listening".

At times Jesse almost sounds like MC 900 ft. Jesus as his voice is distorted (a megaphone? studio trickery?) during certain pieces, most noticeable on "This Clouded Heart" and "Morning in the Sub-basement of Hell". Also a strong, sludgy rap beat shows up on many of the tracks, weaving in and out of the mix. Then there's the music which seems to have come from some peppy 60's sitcom soundtrack.

"Party Balloon" has the poet discover a wilted balloon and imagining how it got there. "No Man" is a tale of drug use, hookers and watchers. "They baby got a 'no-no,' abh no no! Jesse draws. This piece with an urgent bass and street feel leads off *Prison*'s ten cuts. The disc ends with a short reprise of "No No Man". As a cop in getting out of his car to go talk to a prostitute he glances over at the poet who shakes his head firmly and says "Nooooo".

A partial list of
S.J. Bernstein's
work:

The Sad Bag (Trigger) — A tape with seven cuts (one of which Jesse actually sings in a fairly nice 'Tom Waits-ish croon). Includes an earlier recording of "The Man Upstairs." — Some fairly rudimentary, but sweet, piano playing. "Murder number one" will be out this Fall. If you wish to lend a hand or write contact Denise c/o 1602 Adanac, Vancouver, V5L 2C6. This should be pretty cool reading.

Semiotext(e) — A piece of prose is included in this great anthology which includes many other artists. One page per person. (87)

Tongue (Tongue) — A piece included in this anthology. (85)

Personal Effects (Petrade Press) — Published in Vancouver. Lots of lush images of fairly nasty stuff. Portions of this were serialized in Canada's own, *Port Art* arts zine. (89)

Faux Par — Fiction and graphics, collaboration with another writer.

The Wraith (Patio Table) — Fiction. Short stories. (82)

Hermione (Patio Table) — More fiction. (83)

"Dr. Emu and the Dead President's Wife" — A play. Won best of festival during Seattle Directors Festival, 1989.

Since late 1990 *fanzines* have been popping up all through the States written by and for girls. Have you heard this word, "girl?" Basically it's the coolest way to spell "girl", ever! It's the word, same pronunciation with a bit of a growl. People who are comfortable with who they are and not ready for the stuffy "woman" label. Somewhat aggressive, yet caring.

Most of these 'zines are free in exchange for a stamp or minimum donation. They range from the most rudimentary d.i.y. styles (handwritten, cut and paste graphics) to fancy stuff duplicated on expensive Xerox machines. Artists range from concert reviews, fiction and art/criticism to self-defense hints and sex tips.

Mostly 100% female-produced by straight and gay girls, there are literally dozens to choose from. *Riot Grrrl* is one of the biggest of these publications, being produced from at least four cities in the U.S. and now...da da da [verbal fanfare]...here. That's right, a Vancouver chapter of *Riot Grrrl* is being formed and issue number one will be out this Fall. If you wish to lend a hand or write contact Denise c/o 1602 Adanac, Vancouver, V5L 2C6. This should be pretty cool reading.

Riot Grrrl H.Q. is P.O. Box 11002, WDC, 20008. Write them for a great newsletter that will keep you in touch with other 'zines too.

Jigsaw P.O. Box 2345, Olympia, WA, 98507

Quit Whining Margaret c/o P.O. Box 2154, Mt. Holyoke College, S. Hadley, MA, 01075

Crumbley Lil Bunny Erica c/o 1714 Selby Ave., St. Paul, MN, 55104

Fuck America *Up The Ass*, by Brian Fawcett. A lively 16-page pamphlet in which Brian effectively rips apart everything American since the arrival of the Pilgrims. George Washington is referred to as "a drooling, perverted, psychopathic baby-killer."

Die Screaming, by Joe Ghis. A fast-paced thriller about a P.E.I. potato inspector who must single-handedly

save the world from destruction. It's so good I'm rereading it for the tenth time.

My Secret Life *With Charles Kieling*, by Anne Murray. Canada's favorite songbird finally comes clean, admitting to a 10-year affair with the Saskatchewan wheat farmer. They have a related child named Zippo, who is locked away in a vault of the Commerce Bank.

Great news! For years I've been craving about the book *Frank's Answer* by Tom De Haven. It's the story of two brothers, Grimmer and Flour, who are born with very odd mutations following an explosion the very night they were conceived. Bummer. They are not alone, as the book recounts, another 77,000 also "had their chromosomes mugged."

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Salon Wears a Bra Debbly c/o 41, 7th Ave., #3R Brooklyn, NY

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GUNK (Girls Union Notifying Kink) Seen this one. Young girl skaters. 16 Loring St., Basking Ridge, NJ, 07920

Roller derby Hoo-hah, it's the zine that Lisa Suckdog (nee Carver) puts out. Its easy to read and less dangerous than Lisa's live performance art. Not Free. P.O. Box 1491, Dover NH, 03820

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PEOPLE ARE READING

Ever wonder what role are reading? I do. My fave author is Craig Kilborn (yep, that guy that sells his books on the street corners of Toronto) took the time to write and tell subtext what he's been reading. There's an east-coast ban, author-wise, but even so, that's just as well. Write Crack @ 1712 Avenue Rd., P.O. Box 54541, North York, Ontario, M5M 4N5

I'm a slow reader but I make up for it by retaining very little of what I read. In this way I'm able to keep my mind perpetually open and uncluttered. Latest books read include:

The Erotic Art of Robert Bateman should have been the coffee-table book of 1988, except that all the copies were mysteriously dumped in the O.N. Fortunately, they are

making their way back to us belatedly, thanks to the Mafia-jobs who control the U.S. remainder market. Bateman's renditions of copulating ducks, geese, and swans are delightfully erasing.

Naked Beneath Her Dress, by Steve McCaffery. This one's 900 pages long. I started it in June, 1990, and have gotten to page 18 so far. I have no idea what it's about.

The Canadian Atlas of Pond Scum is a typical fine product of the University of Guelph's Dept. of Geography. I stare at the charts until I'm stupid. Truly mesmerizing.

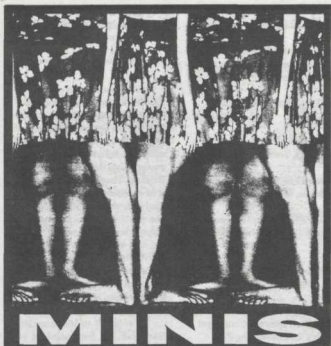
Dangon of the Tortured Virgin is the first of a new line of Hadoquins geared to "the romance audience that wants a little more spice and a taste of the unusual." The author is Mary Brown. (Where have I heard that name before?)

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THE INTERVIEWS ALL SOUND THE SAME

by chris uren

Who are the Charlattans U.K.? They are a rock band from Manchester, England who are on a six week tour of North America promoting their new LP *Between 10th and 11th*. They formed in late 1989 and have been riding a wave of success since then. The five band members are: Tim Burgess

(vocalist), Rob Collins (Hammond organ), Martin Blunt (bassist), Jon Brookes (drummer) and Mark Collins (guitar). I had the opportunity to interview Jon Brookes by telephone from Albuquerque, New Mexico, the following are excerpts from that telephone interview:

Disorder: Are you called the Charlattans U.K. or the Charlattans?
 Jon Brookes: We like to be called the Charlattans. We added the U.K. for legal reasons. You see, there was a group in the '60s called the Charlattans.

Who's your favorite charlatan (i.e. quack)?
 George Bush.

How did you get together? Did you start in a garage?
 We started in a record shop, in Manchester, where we used to go. It had a garage in the back and we started playing there. The manager of the record store heard us and said he wanted to manage us. So, we went from garage to big garage.

Is this your second time in Canada?
 Yes, we've been to Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal. We enjoy Canada. Everybody else tries to focus on more industry-type cities whereas we like to go out and do strange places, not that Canada is particularly strange. For a group of our level to play a place very north is quite expensive but we prefer to spend the money. We would rather play there (Canada) than in L.A.

What will you do after you finish touring?
 We will tour Japan first and then we will start writing again.

Who's opening for you in Albuquerque?
 Wolfgang Press, who've been really cool. They are from

London. The Catherine Wheel will open for us in Tijuana.

How do you approach writing your songs?
 We are a democratic group, there is no principal songwriter. We start by composing the music, we start really basic. One of us will get an idea, a drum beat or organ riff, and then we work all together on that. It's a group collaboration.

Where do you get your inspiration?
 We listen to lots of CDs and we get inspiration off each other. The music we make is a five way thing.

What are you listening to now?
 The Orb, Prisoners, Small Faces, the Who....
In a press release I read it said that you were inspired by the Stone Roses. Are you still inspired by them?
 No, we're not inspired by the Stone Roses. We came from a musical scene in Britain that was created by a handful of groups who had the same outlook. We are inspired by ourselves.

In the recording studio, do you get much say in your final product, that is music content and art work?
 We control everything. We do our own artwork and we are closely involved in production of the LP. It's all done by us, that's why our music is totally honest. It's totally represented by five people.

It says on the back of your new LP "Produced and Mixed by Flood!"—he's also produced Curve's *Doppelganger* and engineered and mixed some of U2's *Achtung Baby*—who is Flood?
 He's just a bloke from London who does a good job of mixing records. He's a brilliant producer/engineer. We wanted to use him because he's very young and exciting rather than like an old person set in his ways. He's got new ideas and he is very creative.

A Polygram release labelled you as a 60's psychedelic and a 90's dance band. How would you label your music?
 All Polygram releases are shit, we are just a rock band.

In early 1992, the Supersuckers realized a minor dream when they signed to Sub Pop Records. A full length album on that label (*The Smoke of Hell*) should be in store soon. In March, the band was the focus of *Rolling Stone* magazine's pathetically isolated "Seattle Scene" issue, and soon thereafter eMpTy Records released *The Songs All Sound The Same*. That fast and furious album chronicles the past 77 production of the Supersuckers while also introducing a new song. Then, the band came to Vancouver and got interviewed by *Discorder*. Talk about a good year.

Has being in *Rolling Stone* magazine changed your life?
 Well two guys in Portland bought us beer because they had heard about us from *Rolling Stone*. And our parents have more respect for what we're doing. It'll probably help when we tour in the East, too.

Why does a successful rock 'n' roll combo like yours, who have even had their picture in *Rolling Stone* magazine, drink this crappy Schaefer Beer that is likely to make me shit out my internal organs?
 We like it. It's part of the fine Northwest Brewing tradition.

Did all of you guys really move to Seattle from Tucson to pursue your rock 'n' roll dreams?
 Yep, about 3 1/2 years ago. We just decided that if we stayed in Tucson we'd end up working for the country or putting canopies on pickups, or something. It's all worked out really well. Our third gig in Seattle was with Cat Butt and Nirvana at a Sub Pop show, and we've been playing steady ever since.

Are you worried that Sub Pop will fuck you over the way they have allegedly fucked over other bands in the past?
 No, they've learned their lesson. They've been great to us and we're happy to be with them. Sub Pop is still the place to be in Seattle.

Are you happy with the eMpTy release?
 Well, most of that stuff is pretty ancient, but we don't mind it.

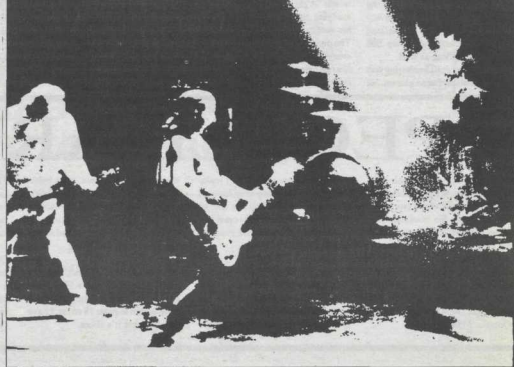
How many songs on *The Songs All Sound The Same* are covers?
 "Sex and Drugs" is a Motorhead song, "Burnin' Up" is a Madonna song, and "Razzamanaz" is a Nazareth song. That's three.

What about "Saddle Tramp"? Isn't that a Dickless Song?
 No, Eddie (Spagetti, Supersuckers bassist and vocalist) wrote that. Dickless used that song (on their 1991 Sub Pop 7" release) without crediting Eddie, so a lot of people think it was their song. We were pretty choked about that at first but we just got some money from Sub Pop for the song, so it's a big deal. Eddie just got a new bass with that cheque. Eddie! I ripped the song off from Motorhead's "Shaggle Tooth" anyway.

Is the 38 minute false ending on "Razzamanaz" a tape loop?

No, we actually stood in the studio, when we paid for by the hour, and recorded a false ending (38 minutes, daughter) in fact it took three takes, (more laughter)

Thank you for talking with me, any last words for the kids?
 No.



CHARLATTANS U.K.

By Roseann Nasser

It is last in there was two years ago, but John Flansburgh of **They Might Be Giants** remembered his previous Vancouver stop well. "It was the first show of the Flood tour," recalled Flansburgh. "We were pretty well rested when we did it. It was a nice hall too [Vancouver East Cultural Centre]. The people who worked the show were really great."

On the phone a continent away in Hanover, New Hampshire, where he and John Lindell are in the infancy of a tour that will land them in Vancouver on September 6th at the Commodore, Flansburgh's interest in the upcoming show is perked by his description of the Granville wonder's special qualities: its size, decor and that beefy bouncy dance floor. "I hope the stage isn't like that," says Flansburgh. I assured him it was a normal stage.

What we'll see when the Giants show up at the Commodore will be anything but normal, even for them. This will be the first tour on which the Johns will be accompanied by a backing band, staffed by veteran New York players such as Tony Maimone (Pere Ubu, Bob Mould) on bass and Kurt Hoffman (The Ordinaires) alternating between keyboards and woodwinds. "It's great," gushed Flansburgh, "it's a lot of fun. It's a completely different way of working for us. A lot of things work a lot better. With the band it's very loud and very exciting."

For part of the set though Flansburgh and Lindell will return to the old approach when appropriate. "We have a portion of the show where we play unaccompanied by the band," says John. "We do a song called 'Mammal' off the new record as a duo and that works really well because it's a pretty quiet song. It just works better as a duo, so that's the way we do it. We weren't a folk act when we started, we just do whatever material works best with whatever situation or set-up."

"Mammal" is one of the entries on the aforementioned newest release *Apollo 18*, their second for Elektra. Upon hearing this you might feel a certain poignancy expressed in the song towards animals, but if there is, it's by accident. "The song is basically a definition of the variety of mammals and what they have in common with one another. It's almost an educational song in that you just get a lot of information on what defines a mammal. We're not members of PETA. We eat meat. We're not proud, but we do it."

Flansburgh's love of writing about strong feminine figures and their effect on others (dating back to "She's a Hotel Detective") shows up this time in "She's a Actual Size." "Actually,

it's a song about being intimidated by somebody," said John. "The original song was actually written like a brag song as 'I'm actual size,' but it was getting really hard and kind of bogus that way. I didn't know how to modify it except to turn it into 'She's a actual size.' That worked much better."

Waiting at the end of *Apollo 18* is "Fingertips" (track eighteen on the disc... by mere coincidence?), an epic collection of songs, or bits of, strung together and, well, John can explain it: "I think if you listen to it a few times, you'll hear a continuity to it," explains Flansburgh. "You find yourself kind of singing the next part before it comes along. It kind of sounds like this late night TV commercial for golden greats from the forties and fifties, and part of it is that you're not really familiar with the songs that they're referring to, so you just hear (breaks into song) 'The golden leaves... I know you...' Part of it is not being familiar with the fragment that you're hearing and wondering what the rest of the song might be like. Another thing that is kind of interesting is the collision between one piece of material to the next, being so different from one another. Yeah, it was set up for maximum contrast."

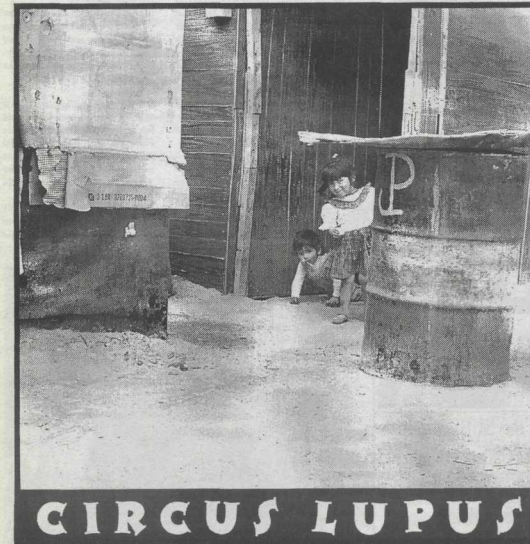
Before hanging up, I felt it was in my best interests to save my political curiosity and ask this red-blooded American how he was going to vote next November. Who do you like, Mr. Flansburgh? "I heartily recommend that people vote for Mr. Clinton because George Bush is a bastard. It's a personal thing, but I can't forgive him for the whole situation the country's in and I hold him and Ronald Reagan personally responsible for a large part of it. So I feel like it's time for a pro-choice president and somebody who's got a little bit more vision in the future than some Republican."

Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water *Disorder* offers you, our valued readers, another fantastic prize-winning opportunity. The first 2 readers to send us a picture of a mammal which you think most resembles George Bush, and a sentence or two explaining why you think so, will receive the newest cassette releases from *They Might Be Giants* and a pretty swanky (X-large) TMGB t-shirt. *Apollo 18* cassettes to the first 3 runner-ups, as well.

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS



by Rob Harrison



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SEPT 11-13	 WAYNE'S WORLD	 BASIC INSTINCT
SEPT 16 & 17	 the silence of the lambs from the terrifying best seller	 DIE HARD
SEPT 18 - 20	 WHITE MEN CAN JUMP	 SISTER ACT
SEPT 23 & 24	The Famine Within (1991) A fascinating Canadian documentary	Talk 16 The lives of five Toronto teens examined during their 16th year
SEPT 25 - 27	 Beauty and the Beast	 FAR AND AWAY
SEPT/OCT 30 & 1	THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER	JAWS
OCT 2 - 4	 ALIEN 3 This time it's hiding in the most terrifying place of all	 LETHAL WEAPON 3
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The entrance to the SUB Theatre is located between the Gallery Lounge and the Conversation Pit on the main floor of the Student Union Building.		

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Call 822-3697 for 24 h information.

The sky was unbelievably clear, not a cloud in sight, as I tipped complimentary beverages in the warm Vancouver sun, high above the water on the back deck of an 88 foot yacht slowly swaying back and forth on its mooring behind the Westin Bayshore Hotel. Just days before, the Big Brothers Organization had asked me if my little brother Quinn and I would like to attend the Investors Group sailing with Guest of Honor Olympic gold medalist and record setting swimmer, Mark Tewksbury.

I thought about the proposal as a vivid picture instantly arrived at my cerebral cortex; this is the back-stroking machine that stole the hearts of Canadians in a come-from-behind victory at the Barcelona games. On the podium, after his victory, as the Canadian National Anthem squeaked out of the ceremonial speakers, the look on his face said it all. It was a look never seen before, of sheer pride and exhilaration. The look of someone having overcome all their fears and frustrations in the most attended arena in the world.

All of a sudden all was quiet, Mark was now on board. With the presence of an aging dignitary, his long strides gracefully brought him into the middle of the adoring group. He was immediately swallowed by the beast in a blur of handshakes and admiration. I would wait until the time was right, until the feeding frenzy had subsided, then timidly approach him for some curt questions. But, instead, he ate the crowd up, licking his lips as the last gold digger left his side. They all left looking much better for the whole affair. Everyone smiled as they talked excitedly about receiving their fifteen minutes of fame that Andy Warhol had indeed promised. He sat alone on the upper deck of the stately yacht when I approached him:

Discorder: Mark, I've got a few questions for you, when did you start swimming?
MT: I started 16 years ago, I was 8 years old, and I started in Calgary.

Is there a special someone that inspired you from that age, or more recently?

Well, it was more the whole Olympics [that inspired me]. I was 8 when the 1976 Olympics were on in

Canada, and I just found the whole event so incredible that I wanted to be a part of it. Swimming happened to fair very well that year so I started in a swimming program.

Did you and your team believe that the gold medal was a possibility?

Yes and no. I was just trying to do the best I could and it turned out, on the day, I really thought that that would be enough to win it, and it worked out.

After winning the gold was there someone that came to mind right away that you wished to share this experience with?

Not immediately. I think at first it was more of a shock, it really took a long time to sink in that I had won the gold medal.

How do you feel about performance enhancing substances? This year, in particular, at Barcelona there were claims that the Chinese women's swimming team were using such substances, do you have any comments on this?

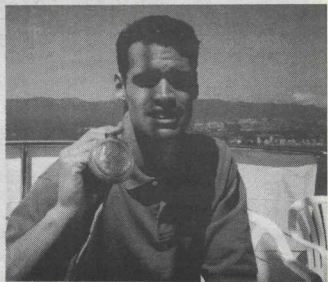
Well, it would probably be different if I had lost and I felt that someone had cheated. In my event I believe that it is fairly clean, [or] very clean. I don't worry about it but it's frustrating that it's evident. I'm really trying to push for blood testing instead of urine testing. I think that would be much more efficient. But it's a long time coming, it's sort of like beating your head against a wall.

What are the differences between a Canadian and an American Olympic athlete?

It's hard to say. The Americans are by nature a lot more outspoken than the Canadians and you certainly know when the Americans are there. Canadians tend to be very proud but a little bit quieter about it.

I've heard people say in the past that, for example, a bronze medal for a Canadian athlete is highly regarded, and your gold medal achievement is of course outstanding, but for the Americans a silver or bronze in some cases isn't good enough.

You have to look at everything, it's not fair to compare Canada to America. If you look at the



MARK'S HEALTHY BURGER



Mark Tewksbury
1991 Silver Medalist - World Championships 50 and 100 M Backstroke
1988 Silver Medalist - Olympics - Italy

Poppy would approve of this version of a fast food favourite.

Preparation Time: 15 minutes

Cooking Time: 10 minutes

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 3/4 lb (350g) LEAN GROUND BEEF | 2 tbsp (25 mL) grated cheddar cheese |
| 1 egg | 1 tbsp (15 mL) light mayonnaise |
| 2 tbsp (25 mL) chopped cooked spinach, well drained | 1 tbsp (15 mL) ketchup |
| 2 tsp (10 mL) grated onion | 3 sesame seed hamburger buns, toasted |
| salt and freshly ground pepper to taste | 5 slices ripe tomato |

Preheat broiler. Combine beef, egg, spinach, onion, salt and pepper in a bowl, and mix well. Form three-quarters of the meat mixture into 3 patties, reserving the remainder. Make an indentation in the center of each patty and fill it with cheese. Cover the cheese with reserved meat, and form 3 finished patties. Broil the patties for 6-10 minutes for juicy well-done but gens. Spread condiments on each toasted bun. Top with burger and tomato slice and enjoy!

I have not eaten several times a week, because even though I was taking an iron supplement, it wasn't being absorbed by my body. When I eat red meat, it really helps my performance.

MARK TEWKSBURY

BY KERRY KOTLARCHUCK



Per serving
Energy: 480 Calories (1930 kJ)
Carbohydrate: 40 g
Fat: 20 g
Protein: 30 g
Total: 4.6 mg

Well, I don't know. That's a good question. Swimming will certainly stay amateur for a long, long time. Even me making money off of speaking and endorsements is really getting away from so called "pure amateurism." I think [amateurism] it's healthy for sport, we put a lot of hours in. I do think that if we have the professionals in the Olympics that we must focus not only on them, but on all the athletes who are there.

I don't like coffee. How's that? I don't drink it. [The ideal answer would have been...crisp.]

Have you heard of Tim Dog? Never.

Thank very much Mark Tewksbury, all of Canada applauds you. Thank you.



population alone we're not the same two countries. Yes, we border each other but that doesn't matter. Our medal count is always significantly lower, of course, than America because of the numbers so they win a lot more gold medals, so you're right. On a marketing level a silver or a bronze isn't worth a lot but I'm sure that if you asked the athletes a silver or bronze is worth everything. Just to get on that podium is so great.

Did the Canadians get voted the most friendly team at Barcelona? Are you familiar with this claim? I'm not sure, we're usually very well respected and very well liked, so it wouldn't surprise me. I would imagine the Spanish would be voted the most popular team in the Olympics.

So you are 24 years old, where were you born?
Calgary. I'm a born and bred Calgaryan.

What do you do, Mark Tewksbury, to really unwind and relax?
I'm just a normal guy. I like to go see movies, go out for dinner, and do very simple things. I'm a very simple person. I have a lot of close friends and I enjoy working hard, resting, relaxing, and spending time with friends. My life is very simple.

What is your favorite kind of music?
I have a real eclectic taste in everything from music, to movies, to clothes. I like anything from Guns 'n' Roses, to classical, to Aretha Franklin, to Madonna. I'm very easy

to please. Country is maybe not my most favorite. I like a few country singers but for the most part I stay away from country.

Do you have a favorite TV sport you like to watch?
I don't watch a lot of TV. I'm really busy with training and appearances and stuff, so I don't spend very much time watching TV. If I do watch, I love watching tennis.

If Canada ceased to exist, who would you swim for?
I don't know who I would swim for, god question. I would probably swim for a team like Australia because I wouldn't mind living there.

With more and more professionals entering the Olympics, what is the fate of amateurism?

professionals in the Olympics that we must focus not only on them, but on all the athletes who are there.

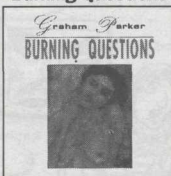
Are you going to take some time off your schedule for a hiatus, so to speak?
Eventually, I sure will. Some time for me to rethink everything.

Do you have any goals in the near future you wish to attain?
I haven't really had time to think about it in all honesty. I've been very, very busy and when the time comes that I take some time off, I'll enjoy the moment and relive the Olympics a little bit and decide where to go from there.

How do you like your coffee, Mark Tewksbury?



GRAHAM PARKER
"Burning Questions"



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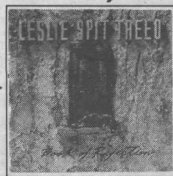
These Albums Contain Worthwhile Lyrics

SKYDIGGERS
"Restless"



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LESLIE SPIT TREE-O
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LEMONHEADS

by Shawn Conner

Met with Evan Dando of the Lemonheads before soundchecks at their Town Pump show in July. The band was late, the usual border hassles, but Mr. Dando was more than accommodating. A big guy, broad-shouldered and wearing a Green Paneros T-shirt, Dando is the Lemonheads, being the only mainstay in the band's six-year history. Already popular on college radio, in Australia, and in parts of Europe, the Lemonheads go for the gold with their new release *It's a Shame About Ray*, a morphological and immediate release than their previous records.

Evan Dando: It was really hard getting through the border there because we didn't have the right paperwork. We have two shows here and they only gave us the paperwork for the first show and not the one in Victoria. How long is the ferry ride?

About two hours
Cool. I love boats.

What do you do on the road to relax?

I try to find things. I go out walking around and try to find stuff on the ground.

Roadkill?

Nah. Just stuff. I found a chip of a manhole cover and there's a couple of lighters on it. It would make a perfect paperweight for Geraldo Rivera, it has the letters GR on it. I want to use it for an alarm cover of ours.

It might look good on a record label. Are you a vinyl fan?

Oh, yeah, definitely. I have a CD player but all my records are down in Martha's Vineyard; there's a house in my dad's house, where I go every once in a while. I put all my stuff there because I just travel around most of the time. I have an apartment in Boston but all my records are at my dad's house. I love records.

Speaking of your dad, how did your parents react to "Confetti" (a song about his parents' breakup thirteen years ago)?

They're in it. It was about them and how it made me react, so they were really psyched that I was trying to work it out. Writing that song helped me figure stuff out for some reason. My mom doesn't like "My Drag Buddy" though...it's very straightforward, very simply put.

It's getting a lot of comparisons to Gram Parsons...at least in the *New Music Express*.

Oh cool, is it a good review?

You got an eight. Except the last line is "One of the finest songwriters of his sadly-depleted generation."

Ha, ha, ha, that's okay.

Have you read the biography of Gram Parsons?

Yeah, I've read lots of books on Gram Parsons, and Charles Manson. I have my sixties people I'm interested in, like

Manson, Brian Wilson, Malcolm X...

Any truth to the rumour you carry on a correspondence with Charles Manson?

No, man. Henry Dues. Henry Rollins picked that up. I've done a lot of songwriting with him [Manson] in mind, like a lot of things he's talked about and stuff, and I've tried to work out some of his problems, so I'd like to discuss them with him sometime.

Psychanalysis with Charles Manson...?

He'd be amazed if he knew how much I've followed his case.

[There follows a discussion of books about Manson between Joel, the photographer, and Dando.]

Joel: Have you read that Manson autobiography?
E.D.: In His Own Words? Yeah.
Joel: That's a good book.
E.D.: But I also saw another book that's out, there's a picture of him giving a semi-review of it and it says "Bitch."

We were talking about touring, how was touring solo in Australia?

That was like no pressure at all until I had to go on, and then it was like "What an I doing, this is scary." Every time I went on I, well, the first couple of nights—I'd never done before—I got totally nervous. But it was really fun, I needed to do that as a challenge for myself, you know? It was cool.

How did it come about?

I was in Australia and it was such a cool place that when I left I said, "I wanna come back." And my promoter was like, "Well, I'm bringing Fugan down in October and November, do you wanna come down and open for a few shows?" And I was like, "Definitely." And like Minor Threat was like my all-time favourite band when I was in high school.

Do you think the reason for your popularity overseas is because of something peculiarly American in your songwriting?

I wonder, I wonder. We've taken the time to tour over there a lot and we got much better as a band. I never would have continued playing if I hadn't gone to Europe. That's where I got more into it again. It's inspiring to have people from other countries come and hear you play, it really is. I know all

my little catch phrases, I'm really into travel and stuff.

There's a real love of language and turns of phrase in your songwriting...

Yeah, I find myself going back to my English classes in high school and how they taught us to focus in on trying to be terse, you know, not be overly wordy. In other words, you can write a paragraph and cut out every other word, don't be afraid to state the obvious. I had a really great high school.

Here's a quote from your bio I'm sure you had nothing to do with: "One of the hottest bands on the post-modern scene." What gives? Jargon. Post-modern, I've never been

"I found a chip of a manhole cover and there's a couple of letters on it. It would make a perfect paperweight for Geraldo Rivera..."

into that word—I don't know what it means.

Are you guys post-punk?

We are post-punk. We draw a lot of our influences from people like Mission of Burma, the quintessential post-punk band, who brought punk rock to a different level, kinda. It was pretty music but really loud, and Husker Du...so you know we fall into that category a bit. But lately we've been getting more and more country. In a way I'd say our music isn't alternative at all. I don't listen to a lot of alternative rock at all but there are a

couple bands I like: Unga-Orekkil, *Discourser Jr.* and Superchunk. I'm not into the genre, I listen to more old music, I've always listened to a lot of older music. Because in high school when we started the band, we listened to Angus Young and Minor Threat. I've always wanted to be in a band that plays pop songs with really loud guitars. You know, it's really good fun. I think *Discourser Jr.* did was really well on *You're Living All Over Me*.

Gunnar Nelson?

He was in Cherokee studios when we were making our album and he was just hanging around producing a band. I met him and we hung out a bit, he was a nice guy. And the Robb brothers [Brighton L.A. producing team who worked on *It's a Shame About Ray*] were really good friends with him since he was a little kid so I just asked him to sing on a song. We played songs to each other on our acoustic guitars and I

our oranges, they're everybody's oranges." And the Robb brothers said, "Well, fuck Charlie," and they ran off. *Tom Ten Watson*, the killer, drove up on a Saturday night and just sat there behind the wheel with the windows rolled up. So they were this close to getting fucked up, but nobody would fuck with the Robb brothers, they have guns. They were in the room of their studio with Rick James during the riots, who was recording at the time, telling people to get the fuck out of there, and they had U2 and AC's and everything...

Okay, Nice people.

Ne, they're nice. They're really into...protecting themselves. They're really into guns. Pretty American.

Pretty American, yeah. I can't think of a Canadian equivalent. I don't even think Bob Rock has any guns. How did you and Miss Handfield hook up?

We met six years ago. We were both starting up bands and they [Juliana's previous band, Blake Babies] bought our single, came to see us, and were just like our best friends. That's how I met them.

I think it's ironic, instead of going to university you went straight into the college charts after high school.

I did one semester at college but I couldn't take it, it wasn't for me. My grade point average is 0.3. High school was enough education for me and I knew what I wanted to do, kinda. I didn't really but I knew what might be fun to try to do, so I did that.

Is there a cover you've wanted to do but weren't able to for whatever reason?

Oh, wow, I wanted to do "How Will I Know" by Whitney Houston but Inever have gotten around to doing it.



"Before that [X] I was into stuff like Olivia Newton-John and Donnie & Marie, so when I heard X, I was totally blown away, they could be really hard but with harmonies."

After several false starts, I sat down with Miss Hatfield in the bandroom/basement of the Town Pump. Ex of the Blake Babies, that power pop trio from Boston that set college radio on fire B.N. (before N-Band), she has recently released her first solo effort, *Hey Babe*, a collection of ten fair to excellent songs. Buy it.

Did you have much time to relax?
I was relaxing for a couple of days kind of. I was in L.A. and I got to hang around the pool a little bit.

When you're on the road how do you keep yourself entertained?
Just... I don't know, just play shows, you know?

Do any writing?
Not much. I can't really concentrate very much on the road.

What is your songwriting process?
It's changed a lot. I used to write a song all at once, like in a night, but now it's a real drawn out process. I write bits and pieces whenever I feel like it and eventually I have a song.

An article in *Entertainment Weekly* stated that you personified "alternative cool." Who would that be for you?

Oh, I don't know, like Sonic Youth is so cool. They're like the coolest. I mean not necessarily in a good way, but that's who I think of...

Did you wince when you read that description of yourself?
No, 'cos I don't really care what people think of me, you know?

So when you read your voice being described as precocious or

childlike does that bother you?
Nah, 'cos it's true to the uninformed listener. I mean, it's even true if you know what I'm trying to do or what I'm all about...my voice is childlike and weak. I'm learning how to appreciate its difference, it's uniqueness.

The cover of "Loose" that the Blake Babies did was a real way to use your voice.

Yeah, see I wish I could write songs like that 'cos I think I would be better suited to songs that are simpler and tougher. I'm trying to get away from that soppy pop stuff...it's too much to try to handle my voice with that kind of music, like "Forever Baby." These days I'm trying to work with the limitations of my voice rather than stretching it really far; trying to be a little more laid back and heavier at the same time. Yeah, my upper register's really weak and I have to sing softer, and I think that's really annoying.

Do you do any voice exercises?
Yeah, I went to school for four years, music college, just to learn how to sing better. And whenever I can I do exercises.

That's where you met the rest of the Blake Babies?

Yeah. That's why I went there really, to find people to start a band.

X (the band) was a big turning point for you?

Yeah, they were my favorite band in high school. They were really the first kind of punk rock music that I ever heard. Before that I was into stuff like Olivia Newton-John

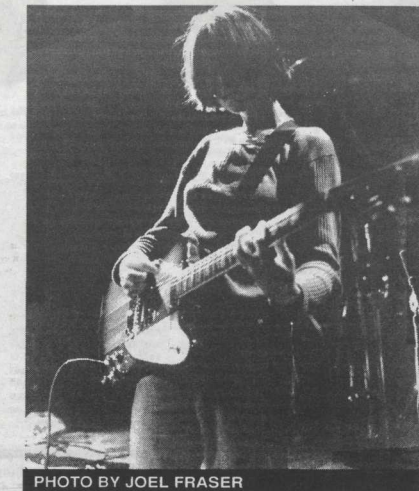


PHOTO BY JOEL FRASER

and Donnie & Marie, so when I heard X, I was totally blown away, they could be really hard but with harmonies. I'm a real sucker for vocal harmonies but I love heavy music and that was the first combination of the two that I really heard. Plus, the songs were so good and Exene's so cool.

Do you remember the first time you heard X?

Yeah! From this girl, she was a nanny, I guess she was living with us. I lived in this pretty small, sheltered town and nobody knew any punk rock bands down there. And this girl, she was twenty-four or something, I was sixteen, came to live with us and she brought her records. One day I was making dinner and she put on the song "Motel Room in My Bed" and I said "What is that?" It was like the gods were singing and I couldn't believe it was so good. Then I explored her record collection, she had everything good: Mission of Burma, the Replacements....

Do you find that there are many taboos left for women in the music industry,

things you have to think twice about doing?

No, I feel total freedom. I feel like I'm in a position of, "Now's the time to really act, to really do it." People's ears are wide open for women in rock right now, they're waiting for something. I don't feel any pressure, I can do whatever I want. I just have to figure out what it is fast 'cos the opportunity is there now. But then again it's still a man's world, music and everything. EVERYTHING, really.

For instance, all those record company weasels up there...

They're all men, yeah, all those big guys upstairs. And it's so hard to have confidence 'cos rock is a guy's thing and it's really hard to get up and do it. But I don't believe in feeling oppressed, and you're oppressing yourself if you believe it...I'm not truly oppressed, I don't think. So I feel like I have every opportunity in the world and all I need is the confidence. That's the only thing that could hold me back.

Juliana Hatfield

By Shawn Conner

Let me tell you about a hero of mine...he's been called a "genius," the "renaissance man of a blank generation," "King Wompam Shit," and "drunken asshole."

He is the Mighty Billy Childish, frontman for the best of British punk rock combos for over 15 years. Back in '77 it was the Clash/Sex Pistols-esque Pop Rivets, then in '81 came the '60's garage-punk Milkshakes, in '85 it was the brooding punk rock stylings of Thee Mighty Caesars, and from '87 to the present we've been treated to the n'n'n punk rock and roll finesse of Thee Headcoats. Along the way, side projects have existed as well: The Delmonas, The Black Hinds, Midway Poets, Natural Born Lovers, and Thee Headcoats.

The amount of vinyl Billy has appeared on is nothing short of astounding; literally hundreds of records have been released over the years (the Milkshakes alone have released over 25 separate pieces of vinyl). Western interest in the Childish legacy has included a landslide of indie labels, including Sub Pop who have recently released a commemorative double CD set to celebrate the first 50 albums. What has drawn all this attention to Mr. Childish is not just the mass releases but the music. His sound has evolved into something crudely familiar, but completely original, and unmistakably his own. The guitar, the voice, the bass, the drums. Punk rock.

Besides his massive musical achievement, Billy is also an accomplished poet and painter. He has several poetry books out that he publishes himself as well as art shows and exhibitions all over Europe for his paintings.

To put it simply, Billy Childish's punk-angst rock and roll has meant more to me than the Ramones, the Clash, or any other "punk" band. He is in a class with Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry and Link Wray, a signature of true rock and roll. He is the purest, meanest, crudest, most independent punker that there has ever been or ever will be. He is the Wild Billy Childish.

This interview took place July 31, 1992, in Billy Childish's kitchen, in a small apartment deep in the heart of Rochester, a small working class town an hour due-east of London, England. Surrounding us while we chatted were stacks of records, books, mail, musical instruments, beer bottles and sound recording devices. It is in this very kitchen that Billy has recorded most of his records...

Discorder: Mr. Billy Childish, are you happy?

Billy Childish: So it's going to be like that, is it?

Uh... It won't be really, but are you happy? Right now, I mean, with all these records pouring out, are you happy?

Uh, I find that question dead confusing. I'm not sure I know what you mean.

OK... are you happy with the records coming out?

Yeah, some of 'em. I like bits and pieces of 'em.

Are you rock and roll's greatest asshole?

No.

In your opinion, who is rock and roll's greatest asshole?

I don't know. I've never listened to enough of it to form an opinion.

Cuz I was watching a show the other day on TV called I Got My Mojo Workin'. It's a tribute show to rock and roll stars, and somebody on the show said that Jerry Lee Lewis is rock and roll's greatest asshole. And I said to myself "No, Billy Childish is way more of an asshole than Jerry Lee Lewis ever wished to be."

"The really great thing about Sub Pop is the extra money. That's how we can knock off recordings to give to all the other little labels for singles and shit!"

Yeah, I guess I'm as big an asshole as the best of 'em. I don't know, to me an asshole would be someone like Mick Jagger: disrespectful of their own work. Someone who's gone completely against what they were doing. You know, turning into some sort of yuppie. That's what I would consider an asshole.

What exactly is a headcoat? Some people say it's a hat, some people say it's a coat...



It's a coat that one wears upon their head. Most easily described as a deerstalker cap. Can we get on with this?

Certainly. What do you think of the criticism "all Billy Childish songs sound alike"?
I can see that as a vaguely valid criticism. I really think that there's an amazing variety for something so similar. If someone wants to say that, I'm not going to get upset about it. What do you think?

It's fairly ignorant.

Well, yeah, but you have to get used to that, don't you?

Uh, yeah. Billy, in the last couple years there has been a massive, explosive interest in Billy Childish, Thee Milkshakes, Thee Headcoats, Thee Mighty Caesars on the

rock and roll than almost anyone in North America at the present time. Hey, I noticed the Damned are playing in London in a few days. What are they like now?
I've really no idea. I know they're...

I can't remember, what were they doing?

Three-piece surf stuff.
Well, that explains it, I don't know anything about surf music.

Went metal?

Well, yeah. But the Damned for me is like 1977, when I used to go see them play. You know, when you get down to it, the Damned was really just Brian James, the guitarist. He wrote all the stuff. And shit, they just pulled Vanian out of an audience one night to sing! Sensible was sort of like "madman on the bass." Great group, really.

Vanian comes to some of our gigs. Unfortunately, he doesn't really know anything. Everybody expects Vanian, the front man, to know everything, but he doesn't. Still, the Damned were really one of the greatest rock and roll groups. Something very strange happened with that record too, making it one of the great rock and roll records, and in a way it shouldn't be.

How about the International Pop Underground Convention last year in Olympia? You were invited to play a headline position along with Fugazi and L7. The Convention proved to be a major success, but what did you think about it?
Well, if it was in England, the people going would get there and realize they weren't supposed to like it. Whereas, in America they don't know that they're not supposed to like. Everybody was very nice and friendly. Nice little town. I don't know if I saw any of the bands, though.

I thought you told me you saw the Melvins and Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet?
Oh yeah! In the park!

What'd you think of Shadowy Men? They're Canadian.

You were also in Western Canada last year. What did you think of that?
Well, all I wanted to do was take a walk in the woods! When we got to



Canada I was very impressed with the fact that there weren't many people there and it looked like a good place to go for a walk. I think the scenery is very nice, but nobody lives there! It's a bit of a problem

when people come along to see you because they want to, not because they feel they ought to. I also like to be paid, which is a recurring problem.

All the vinyl is one of your really major achievements. Exactly how many pieces of vinyl, singles, LPs, EPs, compilations, are you on? Oh God, I've got no idea! Must be around 200 now.

That's incredible! Of all the many labels you've been on, Sub Pop, K, BigBeat, Crypt, Shakin' Street and of course Hangman, which is the best you've been on? Well, I like Sub Pop alright. Though some people tell me that we're getting ripped off. I don't really worry about it cuz I don't really notice. They pay us in advance. They give us more money than any other label. But we didn't get any i-shirt! They made t-shirts and didn't tell us, then when I asked them about it they said they didn't have any left. For fuck's sake!

For this new album I'm doing with Sub Pop [The Black Hand] they wanted a contract. I wrote them back and told them to eat it.

So you don't sign contracts?

Contracts aren't worth the paper they're written on. I don't even know why we're on Sub Pop, we're like nothing else on the label! I suppose it's because Mudhoney asked us to play with them in London and Bruce and John [Sub Pop bosses] were there.

I suppose Steve Turner [Mudhoney] was fairly instrumental. I mean, hell, "Touch Me In The Slick" is a Childish rip-off.

Yeah, it was Steve, really. And then Danny [Mudhoney] got into it, and I suppose Calvin [K/Beat Happening] helped out too. The thing is we're [The Headcoats] real prostitutes, we'll go with the highest bidder, and we don't sign contracts. The really great thing about Sub Pop is the extra money. That's how we can knock off recordings to give to all the other little labels for singles and shit!

Does Sub Pop know this? Yeah, they're not stupid.

What about your own label, Hangman? In 5 years from Hangman's birth in 1988 you've put out 47 LPs!! How do you do it?!

Well, at the moment we are in debt, but it basically pays for itself. We scraped up the money for the first one and went from there. Any small amount of money we make goes straight back into making more records. We don't pay any of the bands, either. It's the understanding. The idea of it is that it's an artistic label.

"Listen, if you took sexism out of rock and roll it wouldn't be rock and roll."

God, I don't even think Sub Pop have 47 LPs out! Yeah, but you've got to understand, they're playing a different game. We don't spend any money on publicity, we don't pay royalties or any of that shit.

Over the course of your musical history, you've written hundreds of songs. For the first ten years it seemed that you wrote about nothing other than girls and angry love, but it seems now that you're changing your directional to a somewhat more

environmental attitude. I think this is especially evident on the Sub Pop album... songs like "Raindrops Are Wild" and "We're Gone."

Yeah, I don't really broadcast it. It's done in a very sort of funny way. I suppose those songs are really saying that we're [the human race] on the way out. A celebration of the decline of the human race, so to speak.

What are your favorite songs you've written?

I like "In Your Hand," "You Make Me Die," "Rusty Hook," "Double Axe"... I like quite a few, really.



How do you take on accusations of sexism?

Listen, if you took sexism out of rock n roll it wouldn't be rock n roll.

ago. I shouted some John Lennon lyrics at him. We had our first Pop Rivits album with us and it had a song on it called "Beale Boots" so we gave it to him. After that,

Paul McCartney's daughter started coming to Pop Rivits gigs. The bloke from Led Zeppelin, Robert Plant, he used to come to Milkshakes' shows.

Who's your biggest hero?

I like Crazy Horse but I don't know much about him. The problem with heroes is that they always let you down.

You also seem to write quite a few songs about Native American Indians. Why?

I'm quite fascinated, really. You people treat them like shit over there. I'm a fan of the underdog, I guess. I'm doing a Canadian single called "Louis Riel" for Nantawar's label.

What's your most hated figure in pop culture?

It's not really a hated figure, really, it would be more the music industry itself. These massive things like Sony and MCA, it's not really a figure, it's the idea. Sony and MCA just isn't music.

How do you stand on the CD versus vinyl front?

I don't actually mind CDs as an object, it's just what they represent that's wrong. They try to control and take over and push out records, and records really are better, I think. People will realize that soon. If they could only live together, but they can't because it's a money making venture, not quality. It's diabolical the way these corporate bastards shove it down people's throats! It's not the worst evil in the world, but it's a small example of a bigger picture.

Well, thank you very much for talking to me today, Billy. All I can say is keep it up! Thank you, Grant, I will.

So there you have it, the full scoop on three Billy Childish.

Billy's anthology of records are getting increasingly hard to find but are still available at most good independent record stores. In the last year alone, over a dozen Headcoats singles have been released as well as three more LPs. Go on, try it. Take a bite. Get mugged by Billy's "Rusty Hook" and you'll never shake loose.

Have you ever met the Queen? Who, Freddy?

Who's the most famous person you've ever met? I met Paul McCartney once, years

when there ain't no audience! I was really bloody annoyed that I couldn't take a walk around. Instead I had to play to all these posy people, or lack of posy people... But then again I hate big audiences anyway. I like it

[A good time to start would have been on August 8, 1991 when Billy Childish and The Headcoats played live on CITR's Radio Thunderbird Hell. It's always after these legendary events happen that you hear about them, isn't it?]

One of the welcome conveniences that comes with doing a local band interview is the ease in which you can locate the bands. When Mike Van Ardichien of Nine-B South Records called me at home to confirm my appointed session that morning with the Last Wild Sons, my hangover fuzzed up my interpreting of the address where we'd meet. So here I was knocking on a strange door, when a grizzled elderly lady in a housecoat opened her front door to this greasy, bleary-eyed guy wearing a straw

hat. "I'm looking for some Last Wild Sons," I said. "Are there any around?" "Ohh...da bahnduversdere. Yes, dey shure free Dahrs Down Dere."

Fortunately for me Mike happened along as I stumbled to the sidewalk and the right house, where I could talk to one of the very few bands that can claim to have a following across town and not just on their block. For all the right reasons of course.

The home of bassist Ken Wilson was a fitting place to talk to him and his bandmates about their band. Nestled in the middle of West Vancouver, are the working class hopes and disappointments that the Last Wild Sons chronicled in their aptly titled first disc, *Working of the Workin' Man*. Working life and its truths are something the three present members (and absent singer/guitarist Daren Murphy) are familiar with. Truths that have a strange way of turning into myths: "It's like you end up in a job you figure you'll go into for a couple of years and [afterwards] go back to university," explains guitarist/vocalist Gene Murphy. "There's an awful lot of people out there who just went to go to work for a couple of years, and fifteen years down the road they're in debt and there's no way out."

"So kids, go back to university," advises drummer Billy Rogers. "It's in my opinion that it's the best insurance. I've got to go to work," says Murphy. "I've put in about fifteen years as an insulator and he's [brother Daren] put in about fourteen. You spend most of your time there [work] and most of the time it's a job you don't like."

Wilson is a precision grinder (a machinist trade), an occupation he says he'll probably return to after admitting "maybe when I'm forty-five I'll go back to that." Bitak is the blue collar existence band, he's provided more to the band than mere inspiration: "I think one of the messages for me is that we all gotta do a lot of shit to do what we love," says Rogers, "and that's what I get out of it. That's what it is for me."

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The Sons' very existence has been a precarious balancing act of pursuing their music while providing the means to do it, and it hasn't been without its casualties. Drummer and founding member Al Black left the band last winter while they were in the midst of recording the disc he could return to work and support his wife

and his new born child. Black and the Murphy brothers (including their brother, Bughouse, Five front man Butch) were the core for the popular local rockabilly outfit the Rockin' Edsels. Eventually the Edsels ran their course, with Butch leaving to join the Nervous Fellas, and the remaining Murphys and Black got together again, this time determined to avoid the pitfalls of their old band, one of which was losing guitar players. "When this band was formed, I decided that's it man," said Murphy. "I'm never going to have to worry about a guitar player ever again." Gene's guitar duties with the Edsels were confined to playing rhythm, something he felt needed changing. "I just took my guitar and spent hours every night [practicing]. I used to finish my dinner, go into the room and practice four to six hours everyday for four months, and then came back and said, 'Okay, let's put the Last Wild Sons together.' And that's what we did."

What they did in their first year and a half together was write and rehearse a repertoire that has since grown to a flexible set list of thirty-five originals; all homages to the band's abundant musicability and their country/blues/rock foundation that is solid in its form but without each getting a confining, orthodox, "Our music is very accessible," says Murphy. "It's got an edge to it, no doubt about it. The blues stuff is not like your regular blues stuff and the country stuff is not like your regular country. It's got an edge to it."

While veritable comparisons with other bands such as the

Blazers, the Long Ryders and others come up, there's another band that Murphy more comfortably compares his group to: "If anybody wants to say what the band's like, I say it's like Creedence [Clearwater Revival] in the sense

Those different elements and versatility have made the Last Wild Sons one of the very few acts that can survive locally

audience. "We can play all these areas in the suburbs," explains Murphy, "whereas a lot of other bands couldn't do it because our music is accessible to those places. Nowadays it's difficult of money and bullshit to come in to the city to see a band a few years ago it wasn't any big deal, me and my band and everything else. We can play in the suburbs, they don't have to go into Vancouver to see a band. This is what's happening with us and it's working really well. We're building our following that way."

"There's a million (1) songs on *Working Man*. I do feature Bughouse Butch Murphy doing principle vocals on two songs and harmonies on others, a role Butch performs whenever his bread and butter band doesn't require his attention. The Bughouse-Fellas-Sons connection was responsible for hiring Billy Rogers to Vancouver. Rogers lived and played in New York where a couple of his resumé entries were the Ramones and the late Johnny Thunders. After moving to Toronto he was brought in as a disaster drummer for a Shotgun Shack gig. He met (rockin') Ronnie Hayward. A Hayward returned to Vancouver and rejoined the Nervous Fellas, who needed a drummer, and convinced Rogers in a phone call to leave his new-found hometown to come to the coast. Billy enjoys life out here but without the shows themselves were a little, um, livelier. "In New York city bands come out and play their balls off, and no matter what night it is, it's a fucking show. The competition is so great, you really gotta sell yourself. Do whatever you gotta do, fuck the fucking place up."

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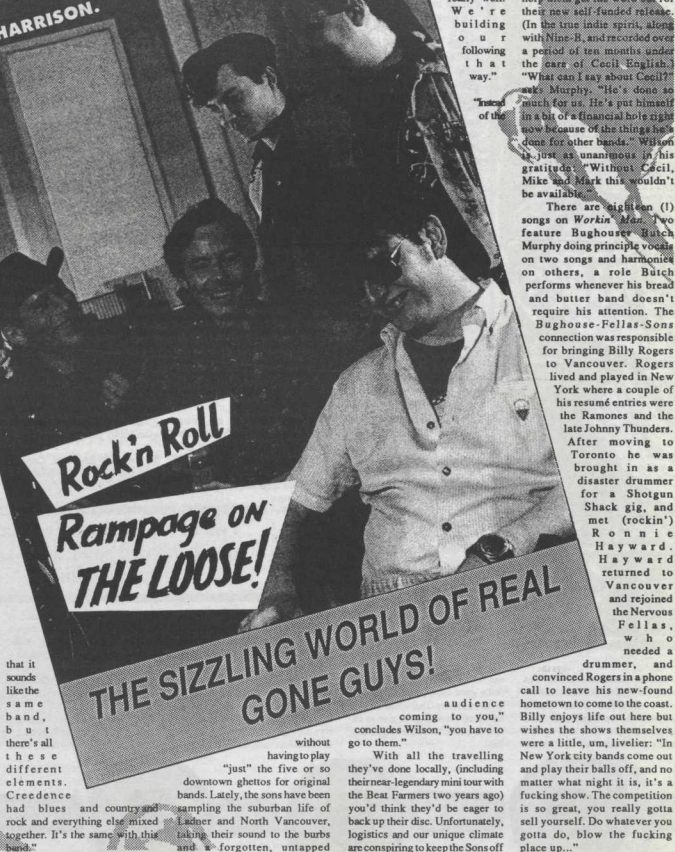
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SOME BANDS WILL DO ANYTHING FOR KICKS! THE LAST WILD SONS!

by ROB HARRISON.

Rock'n Roll
Rampage on
THE LOOSE!

THE SIZZLING WORLD OF REAL
GONE GUYS!



Metaphorically, Jim Rose speaks with a y e s . With a nod in the raise of his eyebrows

he can throw the Manson-like fear of the Devil into you, or coax you to his side like a puppy in a pet store window. Besides possessing this chilling facial leer, Mr. Rose, as the MC/ring-leader/ participant, is also responsible for bringing together the hottest sideshow ticket—The Jim Rose Circus Sideshow—on this planet.

About a year ago the talents of (which we'll get into describing later) Slug the King Swallower, The Torture King, Matt "The Tube" Crowley, Dolly "The Lady" and The Amazing Mr. Liff were snatched under the watchful eye of Jim Rose, Jim, who is like to Venice Beach as the Rubber Man (a contortionist), say the true talent in these individuals. He is who they deemed freakish and has since followed up on his vision "to put the greatest odd humans, that I could find, on one stage and deliver."

What exactly the members in his cast deliver are performances quite far removed from the Barnum days of 1867 wherein a fast-talking con-man would hype a crowd into a tent and, inevitably, let them down.

"A sideshow is associated with a con; you look at the barnyard and see Dicky the Penguin Bird, but when you get inside, had you smoked a lot of pot, crossed your eyes, drank lots of Glaxo and Tonics, and took your glasses off, the people looking like penguins are the most part you were disappointed. However, Jim's quick to point out that "the only thing that you took home with you were the human marvel act." (I've developed a con, this still rings true.) In the case of The Jim Rose Circus Sideshow, if you don't take home some kind of reflection upon these human marvels, you either fainted or covered your eyes behind the shoulder of your date.

And had you covered your eyes from the spectacle before you it's unfortunate because you may have missed the wonder and amazement of Matt "The Tube" Crowley. The Tube is an "eccentric pharmacist" who migrates to Seattle from Montana, whose boyish charm makes his performance even more unbelievable. (Strengthening the theory that it was always the good-looking, popular life in school who would do the grossest tricks.)

The Tube's name is derived from the apparatus he uses to perform one of his stunts: basically, a clear 2 liter cylinder, syringe with enough plastic tubing attached to it to wind it's way down into the stomach (7 feet, or so). A mixture of beer, Maalox, chocolate syrup, catnip, and whatever else is handy, are then poured into the syringe and, after the tubing has been serpentine down the esophagus through way of the nasal passage, slowly

plunged into Matt's stomach. After the concoction has had a chance to settle the process of extracting it begins. By pulling on the plunger that forced the mixture into Matt's stomach, the brew is slowly pulled back up his esophagus and into the cylinder—albeit, a different color from the addition of stomach bile. Served in chilled glasses with a cherry garnish it makes the perfect refreshment for those humid times.

Alongside The Tube's "stomach turning" performance are the antics of The Torture King. Being widely known famous for the most well-rounded sideshow performer he has the ability to pierce his body, in literally hundreds of places, without bleeding. Eyelids, cheeks, voicebox(!), legs, arms, chest, that fleshy piece of skin between your thumb and index finger, etc. The highlight of The Torture King's act is when he incorporates these pierces—roughly a hummer safety pins with lights on them—into a light show that you won't be seeing at your local restaurant. With a 3 ft. fluorescent light in hand and a halogen halo crowning his head the lights are dimmed as Torture King touches a copper pipe, clutched in his other hand, to an electric conductor. The current passes through his body and...Electric Jesus!!!

Not to be outdone by The Torture King electrifying spotlight is Slug the King Swallower. Besides his stuff as mood-setter/keyboard player for the performers, one can not still be surprised at his feat. "He exceeds the last known competitive length swallowed into the stomach," proudly states Jim. But success didn't come as quick as it may seem for Slug. Although he had started onto sword swallowing in his freshman year, it took him 3 years of tickling his gag reflex, 7 times a day, with a cast hanger until it no longer responded. Now, with that behind him, he only has to worry about not killing himself every time he performs his amazing feat.

The esophageal wall is about 1/2 an inch thick and the stomach is an involuntary muscle so if you do happen to puncture it...well, they usually save about 20% of perforated esophagus cases. The problem is you usually find out if you're injured much later after the show, after you've internally bled quite a bit and your stomach acids have pretty much eradicated most of you," bluntly states Slug. Next time you blinch about pressure on the job, remember....

Finally, there is Mr. Liff, who has become somewhat of an intriguing sexual enigma. With the grace of a swan and the gait of a dancer, his lean body mounts the stage and animators under the spotlight. His timidity towards the crowd is ironic in the sense that what is to follow would come from anybody but a demure soul. You see, Mr. Liff has mastered the art of suspending objects from various piercings through his body. Of the most fascinating piercings are the ones through his tongue, nipples and penis. Mr.

Liff, in an intense and beautiful display of strength, then proceeds to hang clothes from, milkcans, and clinder blocks from the said piercings. The climax sees Mr. Liff disrobing and hanging one of the said heavy objects from his penis in a dazzling crescendo of fear, emotion and physical prowess.

With a show of this calibre focusing on labors as perceived by modern pop culture, there is obviously going to be some controversy generated by the old guard. For instance, when Jim took his troupe to Toronto the mayor of the city threatened to throw them all in jail, but didn't, and followed up on her promise of making sure that the morality police were strong in attendance. This isn't the first time that The Jim Rose Circus Sideshow has been met by controversy and it won't be the last. "Yeah, sure we run into controversy but you've seen it in *National Geographic*, *Arnold Schwarzenegger*, sumo wrestlers. It's all about body altering, what's the big deal?" asks Jim. "I think Toronto is full of a bunch of big f---ers, they're always trying to scare artists. I'll go to jail, I don't care, it's art."

Not only does Jim serve as the proud father director to this cast of misfits, but he plays an intricate role in the visual performance. Included in his repertoire of dædævility: juggling (allowing 3 raccoons and a piece of string, bringing them up like clothes on the line), The Book of Nails, an escape from a steel jacket chainsaw (one performance show), and the ever popular Pregnant in Glass. "I can remember the first time I was gonna put my face in glass. Even though I knew I had never seen my skin lit, I knew I had started glass; you know that stuff is sharp."

Yeah, but does it hurt Mr. Rose?

"Oh God, that's like seeing the Elephant Man and a little puffiness around the eyes."

What some people don't realize about Jim Rose and his troupe is that all of them have been doing what they do for a long time. In most cases, the stunts that the individuals perform are ancient religious rituals of have been handed down as family secrets from generation to generation. "All of us were brought up differently but one thing we've definitely had in common was a fascination with sideshowes at a young age. So, I remember them 'cuz I grew up around them and worked at state fairs as a kid; I use to work the ball toss. It's tough (starting out), but it's not as easier for the next generation 'cuz we're around. I had to take from a lost art that just didn't really exist in the U.S. So I went to Europe and apprenticed there for years."

On his travels Jim also picked up a few other tricks including juggling a chainsaw ("I'm only capable of doing one chainsaw and one club, or alternating an axe or baseball bat. But what really amazes me is a guy juggling 3 chainsaws at a time, seriously!") and catching bullets with his teeth. He doesn't do the bullet-catching

anymore because performing almost every night does take its toll on a person. However, he did learn from them that almost all of us saw on *That's Incredible*—"I just like when somebody pitch a bullet to you underneath, then they throw it to you on a hand. And then they say, 'Are you ready for the last one?'"

Regardless, either on a group or an individual basis, the members of the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow are a riveting lot. Curiosity stretches across many demographics. "If you look in our audience you

see punk

rockers next to

us, we got the same reaction from Johnny Lunchbucket as we do from Mr. Utman," states Rose. And if you haven't had the opportunity to see their act live, or on *Sally Jessy Raphael*, or on *Late Night With David Letterman*, or on *Entertainment Tonight*—we turned Gerald down—we told him to get his lip waxed—"you're missing out on one of life's little mystical treasures. Don't be fooled by imitations, this is the real McCoy. Jim emphatically states, "There are some how shows out there, but real, live, raw and dangerous-type stuff that we do, this is it."

As for the future of the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow, anything goes. But one thing is certain, things will continue to get grosser, more people per venue will be fainting, and before you know it the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow will be a household name.

"We're working with has-been strippers, altering people through minor changes. I don't really want to give away what we're doing in our laboratory because we'll end up having a public SWAT team surrounding it. There are a few atrocities that we haven't brought out yet because people just aren't ready. I mean, are you ready to see a guy get his lip waxed, his chest sewn up, and then completely mummified with duct tape?" asks Rose. "I am!"

(As you read this, Jim Rose and his Circus Sideshow are currently winding up their extraordinarily successful stint with the Lollapalooza tour.)

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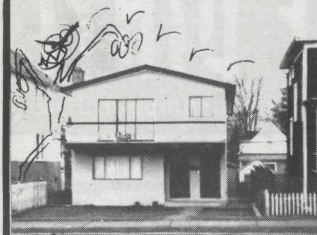
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VANCOUVER SPECIAL



BY CORAL AND REDD

FESTIVAL NEWS

What's up? A lot is up. Reactions to the **Western Canada Independent Music Festival**, affectionately known as **Stoney '92**, are varied. Babes in Toyland cancelled, as did half of the other "big name" acts. And what about those "surprise" bands? 65 bands played. BUM, Shutdown, The Evaporators, Elvis Love Child, Huevos Rancheros, and Cub (whom everyone thought was Shonen Knife), in particular, ruled.

Amazing gig even though organization was lacking. However, on the other side of the coin, if it was any more organized people wouldn't have been able to fuck around and have as much fun as they did. (The waistcoats were completely OG Albin.) Lotsa people and lotsa Vancouver bands.

Stoney '92 was actually moved to High River, Alberta—changing the name to Highwood '92—a week before the event was scheduled to happen. The 10,000 people in attendance who seemed

to hang out in the beer tent rather than watching bands (c. 200 people watching a band, 6,000 people in the beer tent, and the other 3,800 were divided up between fornicating, fighting, and hunting The Man down for their rightful pay) although all 10,000 were in attendance for the Dead Milkmen. We were supposed to go, but we only had \$20. Like you care.

Flash Bastard, premier band at Highwood '92, supposedly caused approximately 275 dollars of damage after hucking a mile stand into a whooping hundred people when the sound man cut them off after half an hour. [Like they did to every other band. Ed.]

On the other hand, the recent local festivals were great successes. Under the Volcano cornered the nouveaux riches guil-money market and Rock Against Prisons probably didn't make any dough but it had Pearst Gallery so it was fine anyway. Only one person got killed in Whistler for the Woodstock 23rd Anniversary

commemorative run over while sleeping in a field.

LOCAL NEWS

The **Vancouver Collective** is a new organisation whose aim is to bring recognition to local bands by bringing them together in a work situation thereby strengthening the local scene. Their first gig is happening at the Cneel Elephant on September 4th and 5th with bands like No Evil Hair, Rusty Nails, Dog Eat Dog, A Cartoon Swear, The Juice Monkeys, The Many, Spoonscop, Taste, Vancouver and Pacapacall. 5 bands a night. For more information on the Vancouver Collective contact Fil @ 876-3514 or write: c/o 2316 Prince Albert St., Vancouver, B.C. They are looking for you.

Supposedly, a new all-ages venue/recording studio/bar is opening out by the PNE called **Funky Tonic** (or something like that). The all ages hours are Saturdays from 12-6pm, the bar opens after these hours, and on the third floor is a recording studio. Ramours have it that SNFU is playing the first gig there.

Puke Theatre is back together and their drummer Colin Upon now plays real drums!

Sparkmarker are touring to NYC where they'll be doing some recording and afterwards continue their touring.

The **Hard Rock Miners** have ventured into the beer commercial world to listen to you via commercial radio station and don't forget to turn it up, asshole.

STEPPIN' ON GRANT'S TOES

Blobs Vol 3, on Way Out records from Victor, is out with Scott "Shovelhead" Henderson and BUM

Buy a Twisteddelb 7" on Scratch Records, sold at Scratch, and get a freeee Oversoul 7". The Worst have released their debut 7" (produced by Bill Hay of the Painted

Ship) on Screaming Apple Records from Germany.

LOCAL DEMOS

Grave Mistake

Assaulting. I'd think about it more but it made me want to go outside and run about.

Sex With Nixon These cyber-punk bastards stole a Butthole Surfers-warped-Faces cover. Safe tunes; fake British accent happening. Tight instrumentally, and reminiscent of Soul Asylum. If you went to Lolipalooza and bought a t-shirt you'll probably like this.

First Deep Kiss Gouda Feta Cheddar Blue Mozzarella. [Cheese...get it? Ed.] 780 E. 24th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. Y5V-2A9

Goatboy

Angry punk band from Victoria. Preach lyrics; Fast ska-like tunes with raging vocals. This is getting Jossapalooza on CTR. They should play out here instead of the evil city of Victoria.

Drag the River

These guys hate West Van cops. The song "Drag the River" [not to be confused with the name of their band] is a very psychological Pink Floyd-ish tune while their fast songs are more like Pearl Jam. Quoting lyrics: "You gotta jump in the air and let the magic begin." Slow parts

in the middle of most songs and lotsa wah-wah pedal happening. 2905 St. Kilda Ave., North Van., B.C. V7N-2A8

Funkyred

Used to be the Method. The Method owe *Discorder* \$168.00.

Elephant's Child — Noise In the Human Environment

Four song demo. A mix between Change of Heart, Windwalker and My Bloody Valentine put together into a polished package and engineered by Blair Cuthbert. Good, nice and vague. 520 Chestnut Ave., Burnaby, B.C. V5H-2L2

Wicked Swimming Dog

Not unlike a trippy Manchester band that lotsa people should like. A combination of fast (male vocal) Perfume Tree and Soundgarden. 1505 Fern St., North Van., B.C. V7J-1H7

Mary

Well, we just don't agree on this band at all. Coral thinks they're old and suck while I think "Saw my Daddy..." is these classic Canadian Content fave. Said track is not on demo (day of infancy). Box 48293 Vancouver, B.C. V7X-1A1

Elvis Love Child—Full On Noise

An up-and-coming band to look out for. This five-piece band describe themselves as "Grunge

Punks From Hell." "This is unreal, completely unreal." "Third Eye" which they sampled from *The River's Edge*. Loud, energetic, strong riffs and lyrics. Upbeat NW music interspersed with slower trippy parts. 888 W. 17th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V5Z-1V2

Nendika

They thank Greyhound, God and Pacman™. Mellow, kick-back tunes with that done-in-the-basement feel. Anthony and I like it. Hobden Management, 701 Ross Ave., Penitence, B.C. V2A-3A5

LOCAL RELEASES

Mindslave

Do you wanna dance? This dooie flirts with the nightclub industrial genre. If the drug of choice at Luv-a-Fair was halcyon instead of Black Label™ this would be played nonstop. Very professional packaging; heavy noise. Available at Track and Zulu, Claw Records, Box 3324, Vancouver, B.C. V6B-3Y3

Little Heads Are Soft

Another product of the crucial Dysentery recordings. I'll bet that if I said they sounded like Superchunk and The Leaving Trains mixed together they would disagree with me.

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once upon a time there was no rock music, there was only a bunch of misanthropic guys making music for the wealthy, usually in a very elitist setting, no lower class allowed, but they had their own music anyway, that had soul, songs of the working man, music that the upperclass of society could not identify with that found no love for their genre if any thought. The people knew the power of music to bring people together for a cause, mainly staying alive with dignity. This split is not lost, especially on fri aug 28 **THE LAST WILD SONGS** play songs from their new cd "heart of the workin' man" w/ **THE ROAD w/ HAPPY MAN** and what is this rebellion thing? yoh d think this world want a perfect place or something 'cause these guys have plenty to say and now they have more members to say it w/ sat aug 29 **epitaph** recording skatepunkers from seattle **COFFIN BREAK w/ SEX WITH NIXON w/ RED SUGAR** tues sep 1 **SUPER CHEAP 70's DISCO** wed sep 2 prepubertal charity ball featuring **LOW and DISNEY** fri, also starting **STAB 'EM IN THE ABDOMEN and KATHEETER**, starring ex-members of ogre, east van halen & more, with a tribute to the boys by the **DEAD HOG'S**, also the return of shindig '91 losers **JEF** come early to catch all the action! thurs. sep. 3 punk rock with an intellectual twist toronto's **RANDOM KILLING** w/ empty recording artists and my love punk band from seattle **ZIPGUN w/ MUTANT STARS** fri, sep. 4 / sat. sep.5 a damn good idea: **THE VANCOUVER COLLECTIVE** showcase of bands helping bands to strengthen the whole of vancouver's rock "scene" fri. **JUDGE JEWELRY / A CAR-TOON SWEAR / DOG EAT DOG / RUSTY NAILS and NO EVIL HAIR**: sat. **FACEPULLER / MOVIELAND / TASTE / THE MANY and SPOON SOOP** tues. 8 **DISCO TIL YAH CAN'T DISCO NO MORE** wed 9 yet yes ohh man this is gonna be great! discord recording artists from d.c. **JAWBOX w/ THE MANY w/ BLAISE PASCAL** now it's time to chill out to the smooth nuclear free sounds of **thru**. 10 **disco** recording artists from new zealand **THE CHILLS w/ seattle's** sub poppers **THE WALKABOUTS** th. 11 if you were at their last show you would already have set this aside for one of the best alternative tentacles recording artists from san fran **NEUROSIS w/ touring mates SLEEP w/ san fran's THE STIMMIES** sat. 12 oh man, another killer rock show that is so good it's hard to believe: **rip side** recording artists from san fran **BLUENOTE BANQUET** classic punk rockers from california **FINAL CHIEF w/ NOISE FLOOR** tues. 15 70's **DISCORAMA 51** **CONQUAT** wed 16 i went to new york a while ago and met a guy named dan chow dj extraordinaire, and he dragged me to some of the most happening turntable spinning i'd ever seen, this is a guy who lives the life of "live or die"...i'm a new man, underground techno non-commercial anti-establishment concept kinda stuff that rules...come check it out on wednesdays (most of 'em, anyhow), too cool! thurs. 17 sub pop recording superstars from seattle **LOVE BATTERY w/ CRAWL and TRUST US w/ MY BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN** fri 18 rock rock rock, fuckin' rock night, man! local heavies **THE PASTIES w/ ex-screaming trees & ex-soundgarden** in sub pop's **TRULY w/ whinnipeg's SYDER MONKEY** wed 19 founding member of rank'n'file ex-tru believers from texas **ALEJANDRO ESCOBEDO BAND** tues 22 **CRUEL 70's DISCORAMA** got 70's **GEAR ON? NO LINING UP!** wed 23 dig the underground techno sound that can be made by two turntables and a DJ with **AK ATTITUDE** thurs. 24 industrial rhythm kings from california **GR0T0S w/ cargo** recording artists from montreal **BLISS w/ local** new rock band **CRATE** fri 25 **nardwuar** the human serviette records presents **THE SMUGGLERS w/ way out** recording artists from victoria **THE SHOW BUSINESS GLANTS w/ seattle's DRIP TANK** sat 26 vancouver's little label with the most challenging selection of singles and cds: scratch festival of its recording artists roster with from japan **NIMROD** featuring japan's s&m porn queen **MAYUKO HINO w/ TWEEDOCLEB w/ victoria's HUMP** and surprise performances **tues 29 DISCO 51 CHEAP ORIGINAL VINYL STARS** wed 30 rain creature cd release party featuring **RED SECTOR 1, POSE PUMP, DANCING ON GLASS and COLOUR CLIQUE**. remember super cheap covers (\$1-\$5) tues to thurs except special events and cheap covers on weekends...usually about \$6...more or less the cheapest bevies in town for a nightclub and extra super cheap during the week...so this is obviously vancouver's only alternative nightclub, for extra info call the club @ 688-5351...we love you!

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like it should be played in a stadium in front of 100,000 flickering Bica™. In other words, not that inspiring.

I thought I would hate this next one. With a name like *Codeline*, I could only imagine how bad it would be. To my total shock, I actually came away liking this 7" (I thought the A-side is pretty ripe, the B-side a wonderfully cool and very, very slow melodic song. Bailed "Broken Hearted Wine," it's got a distant Velvet Underground feeling to it that on the whole makes it a beautiful tune.

And then there's *Rein Sanction*. I remember seeing them years or so ago at the Cruel Elephant. These guys are the LOUDEST fuckers I have ever experienced. I swear Sub Pop puts out their stuff to piss people off. Their dead-paced, depressing, industry-white-noise music is nothing short of deafening crapola. Their new 7" is no exception.

(Sub Pop, P.O. Box 20645, Seattle WA, 98102, USA).

Chalk up another hit for Tacoma's *Girl Trouble!* Their new double 7" on Sympathy is a smash! This time *Girl Trouble* pays homage to Elvis and his movies by playing four title songs from four of those famous 60's flicks. Included here on this four-sided rock and roll dance party are the tunes "Girls, Girls, Girls," "Viva Las Vegas," "Spinout," and the standout shakers by playing four title songs from four of those famous 60's flicks. Included here on this four-sided rock and roll dance party are the tunes "Girls, Girls, Girls," "Viva Las Vegas," "Spinout," and the standout shakers by playing four title songs from four of those famous 60's flicks. Included here on this four-sided rock and roll dance party are the tunes "Girls, Girls, Girls," "Viva Las Vegas," "Spinout," and the standout shakers by playing four title songs from four of those famous 60's flicks.

Also out on Sympathy is *The Devil Dogs* "Go in Line" b/w "Hellraiser." Upon this point I've adored everything this band has put out. Razor-edged 77 punk rock that slaps you hard the minute the needle hits the groove. Not this time. I swear there must be something wrong with this record... it sounds really weird. There's this overall bass-tone hum that blocks out guitars and vocals. The songs underneath don't sound half bad but the sound is fucked! (Maybe it's just my copy...)

(Sympathy For The Record Industry, 4901 Virginia Ave., Long Beach, CA, 90805, USA).

The girl version of Billy Childish's *Headcoats*. These *Headcoats*, have released one of their best to date, and on a Japanese record label. Shining with cultural awareness, these ass-punk chicks do "My Boyfriend's Learning Kung-Fu" as their Japanese debut and it's fucking hilarious! A superb rockin' ditty from start to finish. (Vinyl Japan, Seiva Bldg, 2F-9, 7 Chrome, Nishi-Shinjuku, Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo, Japan)

On the other side of the Seattle indie-rock court, Sub Pop has also recently released loads of stuff. First up is a "fuck" band of moderate proportions, namely *The Fuckers*. Basically, what we have here is a standard dose of modern-punk: fast, loud, grating and obnoxious. Unfortunately, not as fun as a "fuck" band should be... almost sounding like a serious n' dirty Gas Huffer!

Finally, for the first time ever, I heard *Rockin' From the Crypts* their latest Sub Pop EP. This may be a complete journalistic cop out but...well, I think they sound like... Nirvana. The songs are anthem-style punk rock that sounds

Switzerland, comes forth yet another record of classic bound impudence. It's *The Monsters Meet!* Betty Pages of *Fright!*. If you think that title is a bit daft the music will send you reeling. The first tune "Creature From The Black Lagoon" is a demented, psychotic, psycho-billy stomper, capturing the best elements of Screaming Jay (see page 25) and the Cramps in woodcock-style weirdness. Side two is even more deranged when the Monsters take on the ABBA cover "S.O.S." and a fucked up "Jingle Bells" 77 punk style! For fans of totally stupid, really good rock and roll music, look up the Monsters! (Dionysus, P.O. Box 1975, Burbank, CA, 91507, USA).



Sticking to the warp-rock vein, *Rockin' Rod* and the *Strychnines* "Kill the Milkman" b/w "We Stand United" continues the tradition of that pounding, aggressive sound. On the whole, an average release, staying true to the real NW sound of the Sonics/Girl Trouble as opposed to Pearl Jam. (RRS c/o P.O. Box 7154, Olympia, WA, 98507, USA).

Next up is *Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet*. This EP, entitled *Dog and Squeegie*, adds yet another stellar 7" to the Men's already stunning discography. Side one is a stomper on the spy theme, and side two includes a kicking, ethnic-surf-rave and a twenty second punk-polska tune. Great stuff. (Estrus, P.O. 2125, Bellingham, WA, 98227, USA).

Finally, a couple of records from Montreal based Cargo Records. First up is Montreal band *The Stand*, who have seemingly been around for ages without doing anything except a few old tracks on compilations. It's been worth the wait, though. This song EP showcases *The Stand*'s extra-strength power-pop with slight elements of punk. The songs are catchy, and melodic, reminding me of the Posies or fellow Canadians Bum. Though the cover of the Pogues "Boys From The County Hell" doesn't come off that well, this is a damn cool Canadian release. (Cargo/Engard, 1671 St. Hubert, Montreal, PQ, H2L 3Z1).

Bliss are another Montreal band that's on Cargo, but personally I'll stick with the Stand. Chili Pepper/Mike Watt funky-punk is not what I consider enjoyable music. (Sorry, Moe, I just couldn't get into it.) (Bliss, P.O. Box 425, Victoria Postal Station, Montreal, PQ, H3Z 2V8).

Jeez Louise, nothing like a bad funk record to end off the month. Now I'm depressed again... when'd I put that Girl Trouble record?

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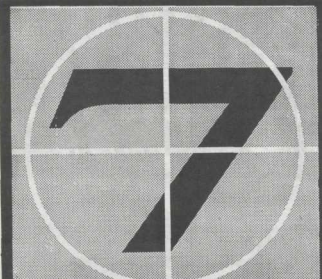
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BY GRANT LAWRENCE

Happy back-to-school time kids. Hope y'all had a good summer, cuz I didn't. But things are looking up for my depressed, shit-bird lifestyle in the form of fine rock and roll music and a lotta 7" singles. Before I begin the usual rant I'm gonna let you know that due to many a request, I'm gonna add addresses after each record so you can send away for them all by yourself. Though most of the records I review can be found in towns at Track, Zulu and Scratch Records, some have been mailed in from the US and abroad and are plain hard to find. So there you go... happy now?

Why so Goddamn obnoxious, you ask? Cuz I just got finished listening to *The Mummies* latest release on Rakkids. True to form, the Mummies are at their most noised beat here, doin' a couple of their own, "Food, Suckles and Girls" and "In and Out," plus the Sonics' "Shot Down." Both are totally rockin' fuzzed-drenched hits that'll make you feel like going out and wrecking something as soon as the needle skips it's way to the end of these 7 inches of fluff rock. A must have. (Rakkids, 15592 Sandusky Lane, Westminister, CA, 92683, USA).

Blots #3, the third installment of 7" records highlighting the recorded works of phenomenal Victoria pop-bands, is out. This time *Blots* covers a joint effort in the form of *Scott Henderson* (Shovhiss, Show Business Gang) backed by combo-extrordinaire *Bum*. What you get is four tunes, three of which are sung and performed by Scott and backed by Bum, and the fourth song is Bum on their own. Intertwined between songs are neat little gags, commercial snippets and even a *Nature's* bleep! Unfortunately, Scott's songs just don't do it for me. His short blasts of hard, bizzaro-punk I respect, but just don't dig.

Bum's track is the standout out on *Blots #3*. It's a fantastic pop-punk tune that rip-morfs through great, overlapping harmonies and straight-out rock 'n' roll guitars. If Bum don't get real big, real soon, then this music would be as fucked as I think it is.

(WAY OUT!, #102, 535 Yates St., Victoria, BC, V8W 2Z6).

Seattle label Poplarna has just released a slew of stuff, all of which is very decent shit. The big score this month has got to be *The Shitbirds* debut release "Theme From A Shitbird." This band is great. The Shitbirds are a snotty little girl-group from Hoboken, NJ, chalking up a way cool sound that is somewhere between Shonen Knife and The Rezillos in power-pop brilliance. It's easy to see why these now sounds caught the ear of Poplarna's Scott McLaughry, as the B-side is very reminiscent of Scott's first combo, the doo-wop 60's style, girl-fronted, Dynette Set.

Also out on Poplarna is a really rocking record from *The Framton Brothers*. Their sheering bar-rock sleaze-ball sound makes these two songs about furniture(?) a shaking good time. "Do the Chair" b/w "Furniture—A Rock Opera" totally rock out.

Poplarna's final hit this month is from none other than Seattle's unsung hero, that king without a crown, the giant of the underground coffee scene, Mr. *Joey Kline*. Now let me get something straight: I hate country music. But when *Joey* plays his country music, fuck, I really like it! Cool country-pop-rock songs that absolutely come alive on vinyl. The sound on this thing is great! If you wanna hear a couple of great songs but hate country music, get this record. (Poplarna, P.O. Box 95364, Seattle, WA, 98145-2364, USA).

On the other side of the Seattle indie-rock court, Sub Pop has also recently released loads of stuff. First up is a "fuck" band of moderate proportions, namely *The Fuckers*. Basically, what we have here is a standard dose of modern-punk: fast, loud, grating and obnoxious. Unfortunately, not as fun as a "fuck" band should be... almost sounding like a serious n' dirty Gas Huffer!

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PIGMENT VEHICLE

Let the Squid Fly Free (Way Out)

This twelve song stick o' dynamite comes out of Victoria, and though Vic is a civil service ghetto or a senior citizen's pasture (depending on who you talk to), the city has more good bands *per capita* than we do at any time.

Pigment Vehicle is from the Victim's Family/early NoMeansNo school of intimate thrash with a jazzy beat. The tape rocks throughout with a very sense of humour, appearing in odd song titles like "Serving My Cash

for a Hog," "Smoking A Small Piece of Your Brain," The coolest cuts are "I Am," with the singalong chorus of "Eeyeeeeeassmmmmmm," a couple of sweetening instrumentals, "The Wilma Dance," "Perogies For Everyone," and the busy "Cheese Omelette."

To avoid this thing being a total puff piece, there are some problems with the album: the recording isn't the greatest, sounding demo-ey at best; and some of the songs come off as too intricate, sounding muddled. But for the most part, these flaws are minor.

Moto

360'S Supernatural (Link Records)

At a party recently (in Kistaloo, it may or may not be important to note), I stepped into the kitchen to put my beer in the fridge. An ugly guitar solo was emanating from the room's ghetto-blast while the two guys in the kitchen were rapping ecstatic about the music. "I listened to this all day," "Cool it's a great album," "Blah blah blah."

Then, just as I was about to leave, I turned to one of the guys and said, "Whoishis, Aeromith?" He was visibly shaken. "No man, it's Temple of the Dog." "Well, excuseUUUuse me."

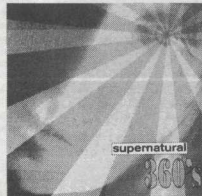
Actually, I knew very well who it was but, really, what's the difference between Temple of the Dog and Aeromith? About twenty years, that's all.

Such is how I feel about this release by the 360's. Retro to a fault, almost all of it can be traced back to the seventies in one way or another. The feedback and heavy guitars are more Detroit than Boston (or whatever ankhole Aeromith crawled out of) and the lyrics are typical hyperbole ("I met him on the moon! He crushed my dadfod!"). Honestly it's boring. And does the world really need another Syd Barrett cover? No.

Shawn Conner

MICHAEL BROOK Cobalt Blue (A&B)

Hold on all you Ambient-sters out there! One of the founding fathers of "soundtrack" music is back from the behind the scenes world of producer and arranger with a new solo release, tentatively called *Cobalt Blue*. Of course, the inevitable question, if you are in any way interested in this genre, it immediately must be asked, "Is it New Age Crap?"



For those of you unsure of the history of Michael Brooks, he was one of the original forces behind the ambient movement; along with such illustrious ranks as Brian Eno, Canadians Jon Hassell and Daniel Lanois, Bill Laswell, Richard Horowitz, Robert Fripp and a host of lesser known but equally talented writers and musicians, nota-

bly from Europe. The ambient movement gained recognition in the late seventies as it pulled away from the intellectual minimalist and electronic experimental circles and popularized the ideas of music forming both a subliminal and conscious "environmental" backdrop incorporating modulating rhythm, layering, patterns, and harmonic infusions to create and instill certain states in the listener, or, as the case would be, non-listener.

Whereas Daniel Lanois went folksy (albeit acceptable folksy), Laswell and Horowitz became music executives, and Brian Eno can be highly unpredictable (witness his atrocious collaboration with John Cale), Michael Brook has stood his ground with his unique style and sound. Only Jon Hassell has really progressed as much musically with his *Cityworks of Fiction* (which I lagged in *Disorder* several years ago, but, once you get used to it, is a unique and fascinating recording), and *Eorihquake Island* releases.

But, of course, the rise in New Age gully-ridden domes the religion for guilt ridden yuppies who can't face the fact that their parents were less conservative than they are) has given ambient music a bad name. So I've developed a taste to decide on how to tell the difference if the music seems to be riding the borderline: put a tape of the music in your car stereo, roll up the windows, turn up the vol-

ume, and watch all the people and cars go by: if you feel like you're in a german avant garde film, the music is acceptable; if you feel like you're just jacked up in a stuffy car with boring New Music crap...well, you have your answer!

Is *Cobalt Blue* boring New Age crap? Well, half the time in the car I felt like I was in a Wim Wenders road movie. The other half I felt like I was in Wim Wenders' last road movie *A Few of the Traces* an excellent, namely "Ten," "Hawaii," "Shona Ridge," and "Slow Breakdown" but the rest seems a little uninspired and thin, and perhaps a little too "feel good..." If you're an Eno or Brook fan, the album is a must. Otherwise, you'll have to wait for a new Wenders road movie to come to compare it to.

(note: the Surgeon General warns that too much subliminal music may cause emotional state. Television, advertising, dance music, meditation, New Age soundings, and pink stucco all contribute to a physiological colloquially known as "flat-braining"—a brain wave state in which you are highly susceptible to suggestion and illusion, and in which you become more likely to buy microwave popcorn, adopt a religion, actually believe politicians, feel the news media is accurately reporting the real state of the 44's simply because...hey! everyone else.)

No Name

MOFO'S PSYCHOTIC OF THE MONTH

Hi. Before I get started on my little dog and pony show, I would like to get a few things off my chest.

One, no matter what it says in the masthead or in the big type above, it is *Psychosonic Pix*, not psychotronic (Oops, sorry Moffo. Ed.). Psychotronic refers to films of the obscene and/or campy/trashy films. Since my little monkey act is only concerned with music I call it psychosonic because it's the same, but different from the other monkeyer.

Two, my clever little nom de plume is NOT pronounced Moffo, it's pronounced like you'd say yoyo, bozo, or polo. If someone mispronounces it again I'm gonna take my M-16 up to the clock tower for a little target practice.

Third, I hate to stomp the myth into butter butt, I do not solely listen to this stuff I talk about; I'm hip to the crazy mess of live those Ronettes cash dish out.

Fourth, you can write me, you know (especially our readers in Washington, USA). If you have an odd, hard to find record, or a guilty pleasure you want the world to know about me at:

HEY MOFO
c/o CTR
6138 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, BC
V6T 2A5

Leave an address and I'll send you something unpleasant for your effort.

Fifth, contrary to popular belief, I am not a weirdo; these people are weirdos:

Wild Man Fischer — This zappa individual was discovered by legendary weirdomonger Frank Zappa in the late '60's selling songs on the street in L.A. for a dime each. This cat is certifiable, folks. At least one album came out of this unholy union. An Evening with *Wild Man Fischer*, which went out with a whimper in 1969 on Reprise's Bizarre Records label. It must be heard to be believed, lemme tell ya! The best way to describe the music is *maniacal*.

"The Taster," a truly out there dance tune, starts off with one of Zappa's famous guitar riffs and would be pretty catchy except Fischer's vocals get more and more twisted as the song goes on. It's also quite evident that he did not take a breath throughout the song. He recorded some other songs (usually when he was out of lithium) which appear on Rhino and Dr. Demetrio compilations.

Disco Tex — This cat is yet another DJ who had the gall to make

a record (he biz it filthy with 'em). The *Disco Tex* and *Hot Sex-dietes LP* is an excellent example of the decade that brought you pet rocks, mood rings and platform shoes. The music is a cross between disco, vaudeville and Broadway. But wait a minute, only four songs feature *Disco Tex* on the album. The other songs are bymutants of the shiny station players involved here. Yet the LP is still pretty entertaining, if you have a taste for the bizarre; there are no less than three copies of the same song on the album (not three versions, three copies!).

Anyway, the whom who played *Disco Tex*, Monti Rock III, also got a role in *Saturday Night Fever* as, what else, the DJ! This LP was written and produced by musical whore Bob Crewe, infamous for his elevator music.

Lene Lovich — Out of the infamous *Soft Records* stable, in the company of other notable eccentrics such as Jan Dury, Elvis Costello (pre-hippie stage) and others. Lene came to music from the movies, where she used to do scenes for horror flicks. Her manner, look, and singing style was Slavic, to say the least, which was odd since she was from Detroit. Of course, when her first LP, *Stateless*,

came out, Britain was in this post-punk chaos which adorned, among other things, Adam and the Ants, Temples (Tadpole mentioned later), and the election of Thatcher. Thusly, a 6'2" singer who looked like she came straight out of Czarist Russia and sang like you'd think Natasha Fatale would (if her fortis weren't so busy with that moose and squirrel), didn't seem so strange. Seriously, though, *Stateless* is one hell of an album if you give it a chance. She toned down the look for *Fischer* second LP, which, although it showed her seven octave range off well, sucked. She's still around.

Mary Wilson — This Brit came on around the same time as Lene. She isn't as weird as the others except for her devotion to resurrecting the early '60's pop stylings of Paula Clark and Cilla Beal. This woman came out with *Showgirls* in 1982, and you'd swear it was recorded in 1961. Her total ignorance of what had been going on musically for the last twenty years was admirable, yet unsettling. She had this beehive hair that she insured for a million dollars (I guess it was a trademark), and while her album was on the pop charts (for about a week), beehives and the cocktail set look were all the rage for

the totally malleable Brits. She bolted into obscurity after that but I still have a soft spot in my head for this album.

Gary Glitter — Yet another performer from the land of boiled food and entral pies, this limy was the sole creation of his manager. Repackaging a notion of how to tell a flavour-of-the-month sex symbol is an age-old British tradition which goes back to the birth of rock, but what makes this cat unique is the unlikeliness of his success. He was well into the leeward side of his thirties when he squeezed himself into outfits that were positively surreal—accostimating his pompador (which would put Sissy P. Martin to shame. My fave was his Guitar Solo: a silver sequined thing with platform soles, lights all over, and a big pocket where he plugged his guitar into! His one bright shining moment on this continent was "Rock & Roll 2" on which his vocals were cut from the mix [and which will ring forever throughout the galls of hockey rinks across the land. Ed.]

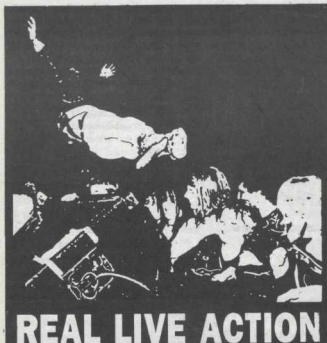
GTO's — Another Zappa discovery, the GTO's (Girls Together Outrageously) were essentially a bunch of groupies who

formed a band. Led by Pamela "I'm With The Band" Des Barres, they came out with at least two albums, one of which is *Permanent Damage*. I love this LP for the chats in between the songs, which are mindless ramblings about being a groupie, etc...The music itself is so atrocious it would make The Shaggs sound like the Marx Brothers. I have obviously learned a lot from this band.

And, finally THE KING OF WEIRDOS!!!!!!

Screening Jay Hawkins — Most of you hip people know about this cat, but for the uneducated, Jalacy Hawkins came from the southern gospel subculture and took a rocket ride to insanity, peppering his pre-rock'n'roll R&B with truly horrifying series of shrieks, muttering and sputters. He liked to come out of a coffin during his shows and use flash powder and prop galls. This cat has more rock in his pinkie than a thousand classic rock galls. Great! Pigeons are *Frenzy* and live with the *Fuzztones*. Look for his great role in Jim Jarmusch's film *Mystery Train*.

So here's just the tip of the iceberg, heyyes. If you've ever wanted you'd like to add, drop me a line and I'll add them next month. Ooga, gotta go, *Herman's Head* is on!!



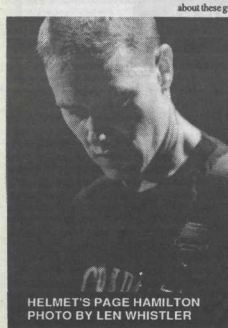
Helmet
Quicksand
Town Pump
Wednesday 29, July

Helmet, the current hot-poop of the alternative mainstream, packed the Pump for what would be the best show of the summer. They definitely kicked butt last year at the same location opening for, and outlasting, the lampen checkin' Tad. I was blown away then and was looking forward to this show.

After an interminable wait (they should have had a third band for this because the Pump is not a fun place to hang around when it's full; especially with a varied crowd of punks, rockers and posers all beeping about when the bands is gonna start), Quicksand took the stage and played a low-temp stonkroy soup of Atmospheric Repistyle-type noise-rock. Ho hum.

Helmet finally came on after midnight. The flagship band of the Atmospheric Repistyle label appears to have changed in the jump to the majors (joining Interscope, home of Gerardo and Marky Mark, for a cool million(!) dollars). Their brand of chug and scream heaviness was tamed to the point of tepidness. Talented though they are, they, in a word, blew. Maybe I was disappointed that they didn't shake me up the way they did last time, because the crowd just loved it, it was just pandemonium there.

Molo



HELMET'S PAGE HAMILTON
PHOTO BY LEN WHISTLER

Two-die-cab — It's hard to believe that that guy plays in a band as good as Superconductor.

"We're either the kind of band that will have people in the bar until 2:30am, or the joint will be cleared out 5 minutes into our set."

"Nice slippers."

Thanks for letting me be a part of it.
Scooter

Beastie Boys
Sonic Youth
L7

House of Pain
PNE Exhibition Bowl
Friday 7, Aug

The problem with the basic concert-going transaction is that there is no accountability once you're seated and a ticket. Short sets, terrible performances, or technical ineptitude do not result in refunds, the way defective goods do in the rest of the world.

Let's face it. August 7th as an example. House of Pain were expected to open the show at 6pm that evening. Logic therefore dictated that L7 would perform around 7, Sonic Youth about 8, and the Beastie Boys at 9. So, some, though, that House of Pain couldn't make the show, and as a result, a decision was made to start L7 at 6pm in their place. Unfortunately, this chain of events was not passed on to the people who paid \$26.50 to see the four bands.

Which meant that if you showed up at 7:20, like I did, you got to see the last two songs of Sonic Youth's set, and

Sure, they're gonna deny this to their graves and say "Aw, shucks, you're too nice," but, dammit, it's the god honest truth.

Anyhow, Coop, These Evnter, and Ichy cranked, shook, rattled and rolled



BARKMARKET'S DAVE SARDY
PHOTO BY JOEL FRASER

through an impressive set featuring songs old ("Huevosaurus," "Rocket To Nowhere"), song's new ("Burrito Grand Prix" for the *Extrud Gearbox*, "Crowchild Trail," a special little song dear to my heart, and "Cindy With An

The Charlans' performance was great. The music was clear and they had everyone hopping to their beat or bodyrumping and dawning. They played a couple of their old songs but the majority was from their newest release.

Between 10th and 11th, including "Tremelo Song," "Can't Be Bothered," "Don't Want To See The Sights." They also played a 10-minute extended-version of "Happen To Die" to the delight of many fans, with especially good performances by Brooks (drummer) and Rob Collins (Hammond Organ). It was good music and a good concert. The set was short, which was disappointing. They followed with only a one song encore which, again, proved to be another disappointment.

The Catherine Wheel opened the festivities for the Charlans. Also hailing from the U.K., their music was interesting and got many dancing and enjoying the rhythm. The Catherine Wheel sound complimented the Charlans nicely and what a great way to end the week by seeing two great bands.

Roseann Nassar

Los Lobos
86 St. Music Hall
Sunday 9, August

The cards were stacked against me. I was surrounded by hostile forces that I could find no defense against. I had planned to culminate a weekend of live music and self-inflicted liver and brain cell abuse with a sure bet at the good time — Los Lobos live, loud, and latin — instead, I was dealt a hand that couldn't knock a snake in the eye.

The venue was 86 St., the CFOX rodent was present, the crowd was comprised of 35 year old Garth Brooks fans, and the opening band was Little Games — local donut Tom Harrison's new "politically-conscious" group. Sweat beads of annoyance pooled in the usual places on my person as I staggered to do, but to buy a palatably priced beer in an attempt to numb the intense revulsion sweeping over me. On stage, Steve Earle, er... Neil Young, er... Tom Harrison belted the audience with plaudits about not "letting this tough ol' world of ours. The overzealous corporate-radio rat mingled inaudibly with the patron. Reeling in disgust-induced anger, I felt sure that this was my last stand, and I mumbled that I was to breathe my last in such a hell as this.

Suddenly, through the crowd, I could see them and I knew I was saved. They came out with their weapons blazing a mighty Mexican tune called "Ay Te Dejo En San Antonio" and the onslaught began. Though the patrons were obviously fans of the party-lively version of Los Lobos the band was faithful to old devotees, including those red-edged ethnic-fringe lovers like myself. Accordion master David Hidalgo, the clear chavero, proved himself to be an introspective social commentator. The perfect foil for the, goateed one, Cesar Rosas' party rocker persona. The mesh of the two has made Los Lobos a band which

defies dismissal to the commercial rock 'n' roll abyss, a defiance flouted bravely both on their latest, and deliciously experimental LP, *Kiko and Live*.

If there ever was a lesson to be taught in not judging a band by its fans, Los Lobos gave it with gusto. Before I depart to crank los mexicanos and watch Speedy Gonzales cartoons, I send out this plea: Won't someone take up a flute, play a pleasing melody, and lead that mangy CFOX rat out of the Lower Main and into the Fraser river? Rid our fair city of this pestilence! Oh, pied piper of Vancouver, where are you???

Tania Bolekays

James McMurtry
Thursday 13, August
Tom Lee Music Hall

Good to this night's visit, the only people I had seen perform at the Tom Lee Music Hall were the same talentless wound up on the inertia of the commission. I had never heard of James McMurtry and I feared the worst when I got the low-down that he was a one-man, one-guitar folkie act.

The Tom Lee Music Hall is a pretty clean and clinical place for music, too; more like a surgery theatre than a place to see somebody play. But, generally, the evening turned out to be much better than I anticipated. However, just before McMurtry took the stage, I was looking around the small audience when I noticed someone I recognized from a past show. It was a colleague of mine who writes for one of those other local music papers.

"I was surprised you're here, A.O., I thought you *Disorder* people had all be over to see Tad," said my colleague with arrogant disdain. "Are you kidding," I said. "I I dared to show my face at a Tad show after what I said to Tad at the Commodore show last year with Primus, he'd grab me from the crowd and stomp me like a hot grape." My now-ex-air associate wanted me to move to something like I got up and about another seat.

McMurtry turned out to be a well-travelled guitarist and singer with a voice like a rural, warm Los Reed, and some impressive guitar playing which separates him from a lot of other wingers in his crowd. And while a good handful of his sadder songs did do, but to buy a palatably priced beer in an attempt to numb the intense revulsion sweeping over me. On stage, Steve Earle, er... Neil Young, er... Tom Harrison belted the audience with plaudits about not "letting this tough ol' world of ours. The overzealous corporate-radio rat mingled inaudibly with the patron. Reeling in disgust-induced anger, I felt sure that this was my last stand, and I mumbled that I was to breathe my last in such a hell as this.

Tad
Elvis Love Child
Pigment Vehicle
Cruel Elephant
Thursday 13, August

Pigment Vehicle have improved in multitudes from the last time I saw them, although I did bear some comment from the crowd that there is already a band called NoMeansNo. They are great though, really.

Elvis Love Child was also worth coming to see for a party. All I really remember was that Elvis Love Child was stoned, I was stoned, and that's the way it should have been.

There was very loud, confident and obnoxious in a marketable redneck way. The crowd loved Tad. Tad is, what more can you say?

Stone D. Immaculate

WALT MINK

PHOTO BY JOEL FRASER

completely missed L7. Now, I suppose I could review those two songs, but instead let's close on an anecdote. As I left the Concert Bowl at 7:40pm (with apologies to the Beastie Boys, whom I respect but don't enjoy), the ticket booth was still selling full priced tickets without informing buyers that only one band remained on the bill. So think about it next time you lay out half a day's wage to see a show.

Chris Uren

Huevos Rancheros
The Catherine Wheel
Commodore Ballroom
Sunday 9, August

Unfortunately, The Fells from Tucson, AZ, couldn't make it so I had to suffer through the over-cranked-bass set of The Many. Toronto's Morganfields fared little better with their Clawhammer-ish vocals and jacked up version of the English Beat's "Mirror In The Bathroom." Could the evening go any worse?

No, thank god. I don't need Alex Vary to tell me that Huevos Rancheros are one of the best instrumental bands in this side of Endville. Cause I've seen these guys enough times to proudly declare that they are in fact the best! Yeah the Shadow Men are good but I've seen that too! I feelin', you know?

"S," which will be featured on an upcoming single for Lucky Records), and songs that'll sound good no matter how often they play 'em ("Out Of Limbo," "Comanches," "Rumble"). Here Huevos Rancheros for your next festa, you bring the pitas, they'll bring the good times and the guitars—oh!

Bryce Dunn

Charlatans
Catherine Wheel
Commodore Ballroom
Sunday 9, August

"A man trusts his ears less than his eyes," — Herodotus This was not the case with the Catherine Wheel and the Charlatans(U.K.) wherein one had to rely on their ears rather than their eyes. The dance floor was packed with many tall people hopping up and down making it hard for us shorter ones to see the stage, and thus the band members. In addition, the bright multicolored lights and the blasting effect of the dry ice blanketed the stage, making it hard for us shorter ones to see the band members, making matters worse. But I was not there to see the band members, I was there to listen and to dance to and enjoy the music being played. And that is exactly what I did.



CHARTS

SEPTEMBER 92 LONG GROOVES 50

1	PERFUME TREE	DUST	ZULU
2	MINISTRY	PSALM 99	WARNER-BROS
3	VARIOUS	SURPRISE YOUR PHS: A TRIBUTE TO R.E.M. STAPLE GUN	KAPITAL
4	LABRACK	ELSTRA-MUTE	
5	VARIOUS	BLIND OF CIRCLES	CAPRICORN-NETWORK
6	POLVO	COR-CRANE SECRET	MERGE
7	URGE OVERALL	STILL EP	TOUCH & GO
8	SEIKA CHANDRA	WEAVING MY ANCESTORS' VOICES	REAL WORLD
9	FACPUZZLES	CRANIAL EXPANSION DEVICE	TEMPLE NORTH
10	SMUGGLERS	ATLANTA WHISKY FLATS	PORTLAMA
11	VARIOUS	CASSETTE MYTHOS AUDIO ALCHEMY	WHAT NEXT?
12	MARTIA SEBESTYEN	APOCYPHA	RYNOCOS
13	SUCIDAL TENDENCIES	THE ART OF REBELLION	BONY-EPIC
14	TEAR GARDEN	THE LAST MAN TO FLY	CAPRICORN-NETWORK
15	VARIOUS	VENUS 100	ALTERNATIVE TENDENCIES
16	17	BRICKS ARE HEAVY	ELEKTRA-SLASH
17	NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS	HENRY'S DREAM	DEF-AMERICAN
18	DANIG	DANIG: R: HOW THE GODS KILL	DEF-AMERICAN
19	AM DRIFRANCO	IMPERFECTLY	INGRESSUS
20	DODSON	FLAN	CAPRICORN-NETWORK
21	HELMET	MEANTIME	ATLANTIC-AMPHETAMINE REPTILE
22	VARIOUS	JUNGLE	NEXT UP
23	VARIOUS	CLAM CHOWDER & ICE	NARDWAJAR
24	CHANGE OF HEART	SMILE	CARGO
25	COTTAGE INDUSTRY	SUPERSTAR	RIPEPOD
26	MERCURY REV	YERSELF IS STEAM	ROUGHSHADE
27	VARIOUS	DOWNTOWN DOES THE BEATLES	KNIT FACTORY
28	AMY DENIO	BIRTHING CHAIR BLUES	KNITTING FACTORY
29	FALLING JOYS	PSYCHOM	CAPRICORN-NETWORK
30	MONSTER VOODOO MACHINE	BURN	EPIC/ABC
31	BOOTS SOUND UP	WHAT WE DO	GROUNDUP

32	TVTVS	BRANWASHINGTON	FURSIDE
33	UNIBEST	IMPERIAL	CAROLINE-HO-S
34	VARIOUS	GUITARSCREB	CAROLINE-HO-S
35	VARIOUS	SPIRIT OF VENICE, CALIFORNIA	BIRTHDAY BABY
36	FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY	NEURAL IMPLANT	CARGO-THIRD MIND
37	BABY FORD	BIRD 9	WARNER-BROS
38	BEAT HAPPENING	JAMBOREE	CAROLINE-SUB POINK
39	MICHAEL BROOK	COMBAT BLUE	4AD
40	CHUMBAWAMBA	SWIN	AGE PROX
41	CYPRESS HILL	SOMETHING FOR THE BLUNTED	RUFFHOUSE
42	MILES DAVIS	DOO-BOP	WARNER
43	DOUGHOYS	WHEN UP TURNS TO DOWN	RESTLESS
44	FALSE FRONT	DUDE	CARGO-SHIMMY-DEB
45	GNOME	SH-14 SURPRISE TOWER	CARGO-C-2
46	LEMONHEADS	IT'S A SHAME ABOUT BAY	ATLANTIC
47	MEGADETH	COUNTDOWN TO EXTINCTION	COMBAT
48	NEUROS	SOULS AT ZERO	ALTERNATIVE TENDENCIES
49	PSYCHE	DAYDREAM AVENUE	SPV
50	RANDOM KILLING	WELCOME...	ARM-ARM ENERGY

SEPTEMBER 92 SHORTIE GROOVES 35

1	TANKHOG	TRAIN SONGS 7	MINI
2	THE STAND	"SAD BUNCH OF PEOPLE" 7	CARGO-ENGUARD
3	BUM	PROMISE IS A PROMISE 7	LANCE ROCK
4	STOMP! TOM CONNORS	"BELIEVE IN YOUR COUNTRY" 7	CAPRICORN
5	BLISS	"BABY I'M YOURS" 7	CARGO-PATOS
6	DRONE	"IF YOU CAN'T EAT IT OR FUCK IT KILL IT" 7	INDEPENDANT
7	MICCA NORMAL B/W KREWE	3-SONG EP 7	FINA POP
8	PHLEG CAMP	"BEASTS" 7	SNAL NOTICE
9	SWIRLES	"SABAN SITTING" 7	SLUMBERLAND
10	VELOCITY GIRL	"MY FORGOTTEN FAVORITE" 7	SLUMBERLAND
11	FRATRICIDE	4-SONG 7	BEAT TRIST
12	M-80'S	3-SONG EP 7	CARGO-DESTRUS
13	MULE	"UNCLE FUNK" 7	BROWNER
14	SAW TOOTH	KINDA STANKY 7	CARGO-ENGUARD
15	SMITERS SIX	"OUTTA MY WAY"/"DELOUSED" 7	BAG OF HAMMERS
16	BLUE GREEN GOODS	"DOCKTICKLE"/"THE SUICIDE SONG" 7	JETBORN
17	BROTHER BUZZ	"DYNAMITE" 7	EMPTY
18	THE CHORUS	"FULL CIRCLE STOP" 7	NEMESIS
19	CRAYON	MOONMILKLAND EP 7	HARBET
20	THE FELLS	SPACE GIRLS 7	DARK TWIST
21	HED	"VOODOO CHILL" 7	DUTCH-HEAST-SOCCVILLE
22	HOT GUE GUN	"I'LL KILL YOU" 7	MUD
23	HOUSE OF PAIN	JUMP AROUND 12	TOMMY BOY
24	KID ROCK	"BACK FROM THE DEAD" 12	CONTINUUM-OP-DOG
25	MC LITE	"YES ARE THE SOUL" 12	FIRST PRIORITY
26	THE MICKES	"DON'T LET THE SOAP RUN OUT" 7	EMPTY
27	MIDWAY STILL	"WISH" 7	ROUGH TRADE
28	THE MUFFS	"GUILTY"/"NIGHT IN THE EYE" 7	ALU-GO
29	THE NATION OF ULYSSES	THE BIRTH OF THE ULYSSES AESTHETIC 7	DECHORD
30	ORGANIZED RHYME	"CHECK THE O.R." 12	BEAT FACTORY
31	THE POOIES	"FEEL"/"I AM THE COSMOS" 7	PORTLAMA
32	POUCH	THE STAN CITY SESSIONS 7	DUTCH-HEAST-SOCCVILLE
33	RED PANT PEOPLE	3-SONG 7	INDEPENDANT
34	SPINWALL	"HARBLE"/"LANCER" 7	TIK
35	STIMMES	"CHESTER"/"C'MON" 7	PERSEVERATOR

SEPTEMBER 92 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOTHES

1	HIEVOS RANCHEROS	"REPTILE"
2	CASBIC: THOUGHT	"PLANET CLARE"
3	TEBROCK AND THE BEAT ASSASSINATOR	"NO MEANS NO"
4	BATTLED FOOTSTEPS	"I'LL BE GOOD"
5	FALCONS	"SHADOWLAND"
6	GOAT BOY	"TREED"
7	PGMENT VEHICLE	"I AM"
8	SLOAN	"UNDERWHELMED"
9	THE STOLE MY BEER	"THE GRANCH LIVES"
10	MEAT DAILEY	"LITTLE ZIBBIA"
11	VEDA HILL	"CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD"
12	FOAM	"LET JESUS PUT HIS LOVE DEEP INSIDE YOU"
13	SNISTER DUDE RANCH	"PLANT SONGS"
14	JHO NEK BONE	"THE VIOLENCE OF A NEW DAWN"
15	32 TO BASE	"SOMETIMES Y"
16	MOVIELAND	"BANT"
17	JUDY RADUL	"BUCKLE UP"
18	CHROME DOG	"LOVE DRUGS"
19	RUSTY NAILS	"SECOND HAND SMOK"
20	MUTANT STARFISH	"MUTANT MIND"
21	RHYMES WITH GARAGE	"MARNY"
22	THE STOLE MY BEER	"STUCK ON THE FARM"
23	BUGHOUSE FIVE	"THAT'S ALL RIGHT BY ME"
24	WICKED SWIMMING DOG	"FROM HERE TO YOUR GARDEN"
25	CARTOON SWEAR	"THE WORLD IS NOT SOUND"
26	HOCKEYRAMP	"REFLECTIVE PRACTITIONER"
27	DARK TOWN	"ANGLE OF PARADISE"
28	MEAT DAILEY	"TIBAN SONGS"
29	AGING YOUTH GANG	"BABY ROOMIES"
30	YNAGRETTES	"I WAS SAVED"
31	MAN	"PEOPLE BOW"
32	STARBOYS	"BASTARDS OF '92"
33	RED K-I	"SICK MAN"
34	FOAM	"SICK MAN"
35	SENUS ENNY	"(BULGARIAN) BOOY BAGS"

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4	VARIOUS	POTATOES	BALPI
5	VARIOUS	LONELY IS AN EYESORE	4AD
6	WIRE	THE IDEAL CROP	ENGAMA
7	VARIOUS	STRAIGHT TO HELL	HILL
8	STEVEN BROWN	SEARCHING FOR CONTACT	PLAY IT AGAIN SAM
9	GRABME REVELL	THE INSECT MUSICIANS	MUSIQUE BRUT
10	EUGENE CHADBOURNE	LSD C&W	FUNDAMENTAL

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DISORDER DATEBOOK

SAT 29 CITR PRESENTS THE VILLAGE PEOPLE AT THE COMMODORE BALLROOM... Camilla de Forest at the Railway... Coffin Bitch with Sex With Nixon plus Red Sugar at the Crucel Elephant... Henry Boudin Quartet at the Glass Slipper... Art Bergmann at Hollywood North... The Catherine Wheel with Fungo Mungo of the Town Pump... Jerry Doucette at Maximum Blues Pub... The R&B Allstars at the Yale... The Nationals at Hogan's Alley... Sweethearts of the Rodeo with Ian Tyson at the Pacific Coliseum... Orquesta B.C. Salas, Orquesta Latin Connection, Orquesta Vallarta at the Maritime Leisure Centre... Juice Monkeys at 86 Street... Jane Duncan & Shango Ashe at the Vancouver Museum... David Campbell at Lo Quena Coffee House... Port Langley Music Festival continues... Return to Brutopia: Eric Melnicoff: Works and Collaborations continues at the UBC Fine Arts Gallery (until Oct)... Montage and Modern Life: 1919-1942 exhibition continues at the Vancouver Art Gallery (until Oct 18)... Enchanted April (7pm & 9:15pm) at the Park Theatre... The Good Woman of Bangkok (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Starlight Cinema... Antonia & Jane (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Varsity Theatre... One Hundred Years of Cinema in 24 Hours at the Pacific Cinematheque (from noon).

SUN 30 Tankhoga, F.O.S.P., Mushroom Tank, Funkyard, Big Talk Garden, N.O.S.I., Stillwaters, JEF at New Brighton Park (11am)... No Fun at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Pete Morano at the Vancouver Museum... Gunter, Werner, Helmut at the Glass Slipper... Special Edition of Jake O'Grady's... Backstage Outrigger at Robson Square Music Centre... One Hundred Years of Cinema in 24 Hours continues the Pacific Cinematheque (11 noon)... Enchanted April (7pm & 9:15pm) at the Park Theatre... The Good Woman of Bangkok (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Starlight Cinema... Antonia & Jane (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Varsity Theatre... Foreign Films Fest at the Railway.

MON 31 Short Leash at the Railway... Paul Horn & the Soviet/Turk Allstars at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Enchanted April (7pm & 9:15pm) at the Park Theatre... The Good Woman of Bangkok (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Starlight Cinema... Antonia & Jane (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Varsity Theatre.

TUE 1 Cileiro Blake at the Yale... Cruel '70s Disco at the Crucel Elephant... Borenaled Ladies with Spirit of the West at the Pacific Coliseum... Enchanted April (7pm & 9:15pm) at the Park Theatre... The Good Woman of Bangkok (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Starlight Cinema... Antonia & Jane (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Varsity Theatre.

WED 2 Low, Dinny Fat, Stab 'em in the Abdomen, Katheter, Dead Hogs, Jief at the Crucel Elephant... Bath/Room: Rites of Flesh and Water at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Cileiro Blake at the Yale... Spin Doctor at the Town Pump... Jack Duncan Shango Ashe at the Glass Slipper... Enchanted April (7pm & 9:15pm) at the Park Theatre... The Good Woman of Bangkok (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Starlight Cinema... Antonia & Jane (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Varsity Theatre.

THU 3 Random Killing with Zip Gun plus Mutant Starfish at the Crucel Elephant... Bath/Room: Rites of Flesh and Water at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Cileiro Blake at the Yale... Saul Benson Quartet at the Glass Slipper... Colin James, The Jeff Healey Band, Robert Cray at the Pacific Coliseum... Romeo & Juliet opens at James Cowan Theatre... Enchanted April (7pm & 9:15pm) at the Park Theatre... The Good Woman of Bangkok (7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Starlight Cinema... Antonia & Jane

(7:30pm & 9:15pm) at the Varsity Theatre...

FRI 4 Vancouver Collective showcase with Juice Monkeys, A Carlson Sreer, Dog Eat Dog, Rusty Nails, No Evil Hair at the Crucel Elephant... Bath/Room: Rites of Flesh and Water at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Cileiro Blake at the Yale... Michelle Shocked at the Commodore... Francois Houle Group of the Glass Slipper... Ukrainians at the Wise Club... Jimmie Dale Gilmore & Kevin Welch with the Wallflowers at the Backstage (Seattle)... Cabaret Revolution at the Station Street Arts Centre... Romeo & Juliet continues at James Cowan Theatre... Cabaret Revolution at Station Square.

SAT 5 Vancouver Collective showcase with Facepuncher, Moveland, Taste, The Many, Spoon Soup at the Crucel Elephant... Elvis Love Child at the Licorice Whisk... Bath/Room: Rites of Flesh and Water at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Coat Cooke, Quilnet at the Glass Slipper... Cileiro Blake at the Yale... Bookhouse, Sons of Freedom, Art Bergmann, Pure, King Apparatus, She Slew My Beer at the Plaza of Nations (noon)... Joan Armatared at the Orpheum... Back Porch Blues with Christine Lakeland at the Backstage (Seattle)... Cabaret Revolution at the Station Street Arts Centre... Romeo & Juliet continues at James Cowan Theatre... Cabaret Revolution at Station Square.

SUN 6 They Might Be Giants at the Commodore... Emerson, Lake and Palmer with Bonham at the Orpheum... N.O.W. Orchestra at the Glass Slipper... AIDS benefit with Memory Day, Moscow Fish, Julie McGee & Thomas McCay, Barbara Bouquet, Jacques Tardet, Rick Lewis, Christine Lupa, Donaldis Williams at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Brothers of the Solad with Edward II at the Backstage (Seattle)...

MON 7 C.J. Chenier & the Red Hot Louisiana Band at the Yale... TUE 8 Tower of Power at the Crucel Elephant... Original Sinners at the Yale... Cruel '70s Disco at the Crucel Elephant...

WED 9 Jaxox with The Many plus Blaise Pascal at the Crucel Elephant... Faster Pussycat with My Sister's Machine at 86 Street... Original Sinners at the Yale... Tannahill Weavers at the Wise Hall... The Chills at the Backstage (Seattle)... Romeo & Juliet continues at James Cowan Theatre... Meditteraneo (7pm) and Raise the Red Lantern (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre...

THU 10 The Chills with The Walkabouts at the Crucel Elephant... The Harper Brothers at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... Romeo & Juliet continues at James Cowan Theatre... Meditteraneo (7pm) and Raise the Red Lantern (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre...

FRI 11 Neurotica with Sleep plus The Slimmies at the Crucel Elephant... Third World of the Commodore... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... Tannahill Weavers at the Backstage (Seattle)... Romeo & Juliet continues at James Cowan Theatre... Wayne's World (7pm) and Basic Instinct (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre...

SAT 12 Bulimia Bangkok with Final Conflict plus Noise Floor at the Crucel Elephant... Bluchinks with Blek One at the Town Pump... Seeds of Time, Eric Burdon & Brian Auger, Wax, Mitch Ryder & the Detroit Wheels, Rane Earth, Randy Hansen at the Plaza of Nations... Nuclear Assault with Faldt Handed of the New York Theatre... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... The Laura Love Band at the Backstage (Seattle)... Romeo & Juliet continues at James Cowan Theatre... Wayne's World (7pm) and Basic Instinct (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre... Alan Dunning exhibition at the Contemporary Art Gallery (until Oct 17)... La Gola: "A Gola Ball of Surrealist Proportions" at the Vancouver Art Gallery...

SUN 13 Masterpiece Celebrated concert at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Wayne's World (7pm) and Basic Instinct (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre... Vancouver Record Collectors Association Swap Meet at Kilsano Community Centre Gym (11am)...

MON 14 Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Melissa Etheridge with Jeffrey Gaines at the Orpheum...

TUE 15 Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Melissa Etheridge with Jeffrey Gaines at the Orpheum... Cruel '70s Disco at the Crucel Elephant...

WED 16 Vince Garbutt at the Wise Hall... Rolling Stone's Harmonica Sugar Blue at the Yale... Outback at the Backstage (Seattle)... Romeo & Juliet continues at James Cowan Theatre... The Silence of the Lambs (7pm) and Die Hard (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre...

THU 17 Outback at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Rolling Stone's Harmonica Sugar Blue at the Yale... Dread Zeppelin at the Backstage (Seattle)... Romeo & Juliet continues at James Cowan Theatre... The Silence of the Lambs (7pm) and Die Hard (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre...

FRI 18 The Posties with Truly plus Syder Monkey at the Crucel Elephant... The Topp Twins at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Gamel Rogers at the Wise Hall... Rolling Stone's Harmonica Sugar Blue at the Yale... Boukman Ekeperaye at the Backstage (Seattle)... Romeo & Juliet continues at James Cowan Theatre... White Men Can't Jump (7pm) and Sister Act (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre...

SAT 19 Alejandro Esquivado Band at the Crucel Elephant... Culture Shock with Captain Jimmy, Special Dave and Wodada HIR at the New York Theatre... Dread Zeppelin at 86 Street...

Gamel Rogers at the Wise Hall... Rolling Stone's Harmonica Sugar Blue at the Yale... Sophie B. Hawkins at the Backstage (Seattle)... Romeo & Juliet closes at James Cowan Theatre... White Men Can't Jump (7pm) and Sister Act (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre...

SUN 20 The Topp Twins at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Sophie B. Hawkins at the Commodore... Studia Domestica exhibition opens at the AMS Art Gallery (until the 26th)... White Men Can't Jump (7pm) and Sister Act (9:30pm) at SUB Theatre... Terry Fox Run...

MON 21 Amos Garrett at the Yale... Beyond the Fringe at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

TUE 22 Amos Garrett at the Yale... Cruel '70s Disco at the Crucel Elephant... Beyond the Fringe at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

WED 23 Randy Raine-Reusch & Arme at the Glass Slipper... Maria Gossman, Gene Ramaboltan, Monica Riu at the UBC Recital Hall (12:30pm)... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Beyond the Fringe at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Famine Within (7pm) and Talk 16 (9pm) at UBC Theatre...

THU 24 Grotus with Bliss plus Crute at the Crucel Elephant... Michael Blake Ensemble at the Glass Slipper... Lauren Wagner and Frederick Weley at the UBC Recital Hall (8pm)... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Tigra Euphrates at the Backstage (Seattle)... Beyond the Fringe at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Famine Within (7pm) and Talk 16 (9pm) at UBC Theatre...

FRI 25 The Strugglers with The Show Business Giants plus Dip Tardet at the Crucel Elephant... Tony Wilson Quintet at the Glass Slipper... Michael Struff at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Beyond the Fringe at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Beauty and the Beast (7pm) and Far and Away (9pm) at UBC Theatre...

SAT 26 Nimrod with Maryko Hino, Twerdoebek, Hump at the Crucel Elephant... Roger Baird & MuseArt at the Glass Slipper... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Sadohopy, Chunk, The California Guitar Trio at the Backstage (Seattle)... Beyond the Fringe at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Studia Domestica exhibition closes at the AMS Art Gallery... The Beauty and the Beast (7pm) and Far and Away (9:30pm) at UBC Theatre...

SUN 27 Roy Ford at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Inside Outside at the Glass Slipper... The Beauty and the Beast (7pm) and Far and Away (9:30pm) at UBC Theatre...

MON 28 The 14+ Fashion Show at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... TUE 29 Albert Collins & the Icebreakers with The White Trash Home at the Commodore... Morgan Davis at the Yale... Cruel '70s Disco at the Crucel Elephant... The Millionaires opens at the Vancouver Playhouse (until Oct 24)...

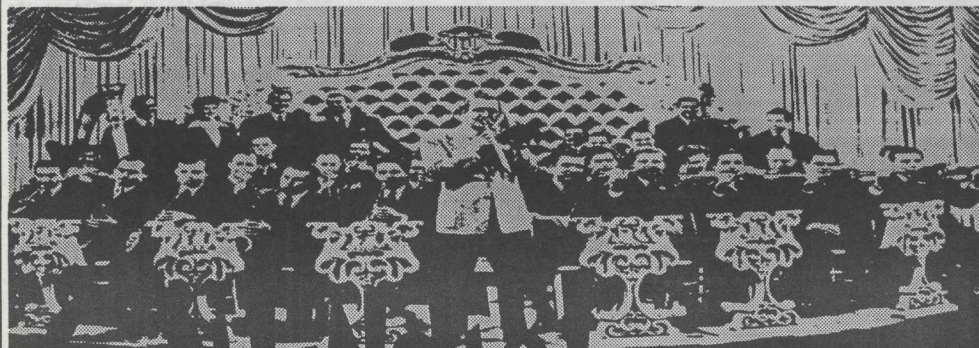
WED 30 Red Sector 1, Dose Pump, Dancing on Glass, Colour Claque at the Crucel Elephant... Mayra-Sounds of India at the Glass Slipper... Morgan Davis at the Yale... Audrey Andist at the UBC Recital Hall (12:30pm)... Albert Collins with Little Charlie & the Nightcrawlers at the Backstage (Seattle)... The Hunt For Red October (7pm) and Jaws (9:30pm) at UBC Theatre... UBC AMS Clubs Days in SUB...

VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES

- Alma Street Cafe** • 2505 Alma (at Broadway)
- Backstage** • Ball, Seaside
- Cafe Bergman** • 52 Powell Street (Gastown)
- Cafe Django** • 1184 Denman Street (at Davie)
- Commodore Ballrooms** • 870 Granville Street (Granville Mall)
- Crucel Elephant** • 23 West Cordova Street (Gastown)
- 86 Street** • 86 West Cordova Street (Enterprise Centre)
- Glass Slipper** • 185 East 11th Avenue (at Main)
- Isadora's** • 1540 Old Bridge (Granville Island)
- Latin Quarter** 1305 Commercial Drive
- Maximum Blues Pub** • 1176 Granville Street (at Davie)
- Oppenheimer Park** • 400 block Powell Street
- Paradise Cinema** • 919 Granville Street (Granville Mall)
- Park Theatre** • 3440 Columbia Street
- Pit Pub** • basement, Student Union Building (UBC)
- Queen Elizabeth Theatre** • Hamilton at Georgia Street
- Railway Club** • 579 Dunsmuir Street (at Seymour)
- Ridge Cinema** • 3121 Arbutus at 16th
- Sandy Cove** • 1554 Marine Drive, West Vancouver
- Smash Gallery** • 160 West Cordova Street (at Cambie)
- Speedy O'Tubbs** • Fairview, Bellinham
- Starlight Cinema** • 935 Denman Street
- Town Pump** • 66 West 1st Street (Gastown)
- Vancouver East Cultural Centre** • 1895 Venables Street (at Victoria)
- Varsity Theatre** • 4375 West 10th Avenue
- Waterfront Theatre** • 1405 Anderson Street (Granville Island)
- Western Front** • 303 East 8th Avenue
- WISE Club** • 1882 Adams Street (at Victoria)
- Yale** • 1300 Granville (at Drake)

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NIGHT TWO: MONDAY SEPTEMBER 21

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Flaming Lips • Hit To Death in the Future Head
Long known as being perhaps the most intense new psychedelic band in America, The Flaming Lips have faded in near obscurity for more than seven years. "Hit to Death in the Future Head" should change all of that. In addition to the traditional peddled stomping madness of their previous releases, this new album showcases lead singer Wayne Coyne as an unorthodox yet extremely talented songwriter. Get shocked into the vortex!

Babes in Toyland • Fontanelle

It has been described as an hour-long primal scream, but "Fontanelle", produced by Lee Ranaldo (Sonic Youth), is also significant for other reasons. Most notably, it shows that the Babes can rock as hard as anyone, as anyone who saw them open for the Screaming Trees or has heard their previous releases "To Mother" or "Spanking Machine" can attest to.



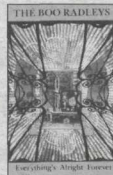
Throwing Muses • Red Heaven

Last year's "Real Ramona" from this great band made several critics rave lists for its strong songwriting, angular rhythmic sensibility, and buzzsaw guitar. Despite the loss of Tanya Donelly to her project "Belly", the recent single "Tirepole" affirms that all the elements that made the Throwing Muses such a great band are definitely in place.

The Boo Radleys

• Everything's Alright Forever

Finally available in North America is the debut release from The Boo Radleys. Originally tagged as Britain's answer to Dinosaur Jr., The Boo Radleys add elements of My Bloody Valentine and Chapterhouse into the mix, and came up with a record that was previously "impossible to keep in stock" here at Zulu. With the domestic release here, you can check out one of Creation Record's best new bands at the supercool Zulu sale price.



Polvo • Cor-Crane Secret

From the lairs of the hottest music scene in the States at the moment — Chapel Hill, NC — comes Polvo. Released on the Merge label run by Mac from Superchunk, Cor-Crane Secret contains more twists, turns, shifts, and starts than a drive through the downtown core. Get off the main drag and see the sights!



Helmet • Strap It On

Finally re-released after almost a year out of print (due to legal hassles) this first album by the amazing Helmet, will look great next to your copy of "Meatime" — and hey, you know it will sound great too.

Luna • Lunapark

There were tears in the eyes of many when Galaxy 500 called it quits. Their three records of melancholy, post-Velvet Underground drone-pop were so sadly beautiful and honest that they were being touted as the best new American band on both sides of the Atlantic. Dean Warham, Galaxy's main man, has put together his own new unit, featuring ex-members of The Chills and the recently-disbanded Feelsies. We, and they, are sure that you'll like the results!

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PERFUME
TREE
• DUST •



Jane's clear, glass-like voice and Pete's ambient-noise guitar are propelled by Adam's throbbing dub bass and pinned by heavy sample/drum machine beats. "A masterful fusion of human emotion and intellect... Jane's voice, at once dreamy and poetic, is the perfect instrument to convey the band's spooky, occasionally quixotic lyrics. As intoxicating and pleasant a listening experience as its name suggests" — The Georgia Straight

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Noteworthy cuts include:

THE FURIES *What Do You Want Me To Be* The previously unreleased recording of Vancouver's first punk band.

THE SKULLS *Fucked Up Baby* Joey Shithead's pre-D.O.A. punk band doing a previously unreleased first version of this D.O.A. classic

THE STIFFS *Fuck You* The previously unreleased first version of this punk rock classic made infamous by The Subhumans and D.O.A.

BIZ *I Don't Give A Shit* An almost traditional Louie Louie-type song of the Vancouver punk scene. Later recorded by D.O.A. for their Hardcore 81 album. Previously unreleased.

THE SUBHUMANS *Slave To My Dick* The classic punk send-up of machismo and sexism.

54-40 *Yank* From the band's long out-of-print, very first release — the Selection EP originally on Mo Da Mu Records.

NOMEANSNO *Self-pity* The pre-Sex Mad original demo version

SLOW *Have Not Been The Same* Yes, the band that got plenty of exposure at Expo 86 and whose records are highly sought-after rarities. This is the opening cut from their *Against The Glass* EP

BOB'S YOUR UNCLE *Talk To The Birds* From their out-of-print first EP

NO FUN *Be Like Us* The classic tongue-in-cheek ode to conformity and hero worship.

"...unavailable gems like BIZ's 'I Don't Give A Shit', The Subhumans' 'Slave To My Dick', and the Staff's oft-covered classic 'Fuck You' should be reason enough to own a copy."

— Reflex



TANKHOG
•
HOUSE OF
BEAUTY

House of Beauty is "an architecture of noise" containing 10 originals and a cover of the Partridge Family's "I Woke Up In Love This Morning". Loud, rumbling rock'n'roll. Tankhog features the rhythm section from the legendary Slow. "The Hog are easily the best hardcore outfit in the city. Shades of Alice, Iggy, and Aersmith." — Vancouver Sun

COMING SOON COAL (Sept. 1992)

Sultry vocals combined with haunting melodies to create a slow burning groove. "...eerie yet gripping music, rather like psychadelic country-blues" — Vancouver Sun "...a sevier, more soulful version of the Cowboy Junkies" — The Georgia Straight

LUNG (Oct. 1992)

Followup full-length release to these noise-mongers two singles on Scratch (1991) and Serial Killer (1992). Produced by Don Gordon of Numb. "Lung, in any event, are superb. Where there's rage, there's hope" — The Rocket "Pretty amazing shit here" — MRR

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